

*Joe Chapple's*

# NATIONAL PEOPLE MAGAZINE

Shackleton's Last Dash for the Antarctic  
Sentiment a Vital Force in Business

In the Presence of Abdul Baha  
History and Heart Ideals of "Rotary"  
General Will Hays on "Location"  
What Does "American Valuation" Mean?  
The Unchurched Millions  
Artistic Temper and  
"Temperament"

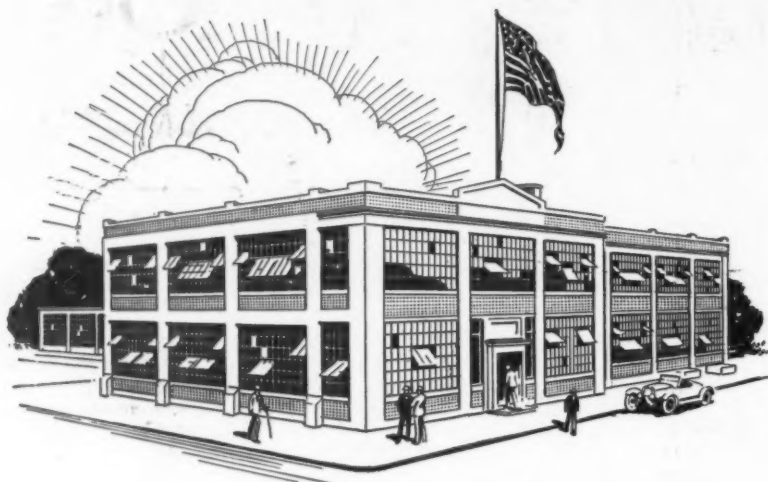
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### BROADCASTING IDEALS

THE Chambers of Commerce and civic organizations have never had greater opportunities of functioning than at the present time. We are slowly emerging from the sordid influence that inevitably follows war-times. In the midst of business depression, the spirit of tolerance has come to pass, in business as well as in industrial operations. This is clearly the time when we must exercise patience.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller told Lord Leverhulme one time at breakfast that the greatest thing in this world is to keep cool in the morning; the days will take care of themselves!

To keep cool! That is our only salvation! To justify our conduct within reason and to eliminate this universal suspicion that everyone in power is planning some secret conspiracy against you! We are a race who, too frequently, run to legislators demanding a panacea for imaginary ills!

Industrial organizations are similarly afflicted. Here they try to force people on a pay-roll to do things they cannot do—people who have no interest in doing and never will “do things.” The amount of energy, vitality, and expense that is used in trying to overcome handicaps is a losing proposition. Wage earners, and even those in offices, should be given to understand that their salary is not a mere matter of optional declaration on the part of the “boss,” but that it is a matter only of definite production.

If the Chambers of Commerce enter into the co-ordinate spirit of a business organization, it is going to function properly. The old idea of a moribund organization that simply comes up for air once a year—at banquets and other state occasions, and most of whose activities are indicated by the names of committees appointed, has long ago slid into the past tense. Their offices were mere sinecures! Results, negative! They were horrible examples of non-production.

While these organizations have been looked upon as busy bodies, as non-active and non-productive, by Mr. Public Outsider; the business they are taking up now, in the way of censorship, will mean much to future generations. They are looking after the censorship of picture films that have had much to do with crime waves.

These latter problems are even more insidious than disgusting sex pictures. They and they alone, are responsible for this fad and glorification of divorce, where the poodle dog always exists as a figurehead, leading to the eventual neglect of children. We are very careful what our children eat, how they sleep, how they exercise. Why not, then, make sure their minds also are kept clean? The most priceless of all human elements—the mind—is allowed to become corroded. The entire life of such a child is moulded and set in those impressionable years.

The Chambers of Commerce, more than any other civic functioning body, ought to stand guardian over the screen, to see that the moral and mental field of these youths does not become germ-infested. This is not a mere matter of morals; it is an economic problem. How can we have efficient, wide-awake, intelligent, reliable people to superintend the business of the future, if their minds are so warped that they will never be able to appraise values, to appreciate what is best with poise and equilibrium?

As one eminent authority has often said, “What the country needs today is poise, good-nature, and worth-while ideals. To learn how to pray, to produce and to play!” Why not broadcast this idea—in these radio times.



# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

*Mostly about People*



Vol. I

MAY, 1922

New Series No. 12

### Articles of Timely Interest

Warren G. Harding.....	Frontispiece
Affairs at Washington .....	Illustrated .....
Nature doing all she can to soothe ruffled tempers	
Senator Selden P. Spencer of Missouri gets attention when he speaks	
Director of the Mint, F. E. Scobey, is custodian of one-third of all the gold in the world	
Senator Harry S. New of Indiana is the first to use the radio for a political speech	
Postmaster-General Work the one man best fitted for his job	
Joseph P. Tumulty gets the cold shoulder from his former chief	
Peace Arch dedicated at Blaine, Canada	
The President serves notice that he will veto the bonus bill unless it carries some form of revenue	
Egg-rolling on the White House lawn on Easter Monday	
Congressman Julius Kahn of California has a record that shines out like his own beaming face	
Fire at the New Willard drives out guests in the night time	
Supreme Court has “John Doe” thrown out	
Edwin Upton Curtis—the Tribute of a Friend .....	Illustrated .....
History and Heart Ideals of “Rotary” .....	Illustrated .....
Hays Leads Film Industry to War .....	Illustrated .....
Why American Valuations? .....	Illustrated .....
The Problem of the Unchurched Millions .....	Illustrated .....
Creator of the “Home Beautiful” Ideal .....	Illustrated .....
In the Presence of Abdul Baha .....	Illustrated .....
Artistic Temper and “Temperament” .....	Illustrated .....
Affairs and Folks .....	Illustrated .....
Clay Perry following the “write of way” via the Northeast Passage	
Mrs. Katrina Trask Peabody, “the Lady of Yaddo,” passes on	
The first bona fide million-dollar moving picture	
Miss Ann Morgan, the Florence Nightingale of the World War	
Guido D. Janes, cartoonist extraordinary	
“Man O’ War” holds reception for visiting stars	
Dr. Howard A. Bridgman new principal of historic Lawrence Academy	
Joseph Anthony DiPesa, the peppiest press agent of the profession	
A reminder of the good old days of wool cards and spinning wheels	
Babe Ruth finds recreation in the game of golf	
In the Realm of a Master Organ Builder .....	Illustrated .....
The Vital Force of Sentiment in Business .....	Illustrated .....
Shackleton’s Last Dash for the Antarctic .....	Illustrated .....
Premier Salesman of the World .....	Illustrated .....
“The Story of the Esquimaux Boy” .....	Illustrated .....
The National Radio Circle .....	Illustrated .....
Edward J. Nally, president of the Radio Corporation of America	
C. D. Tuska, former secretary of the American Radio Relay League	
A Radio Set any boy can make	
Radio news and notes	
William Courtenay .....	Illustrated .....
The Bugle Call .....	Poem .....

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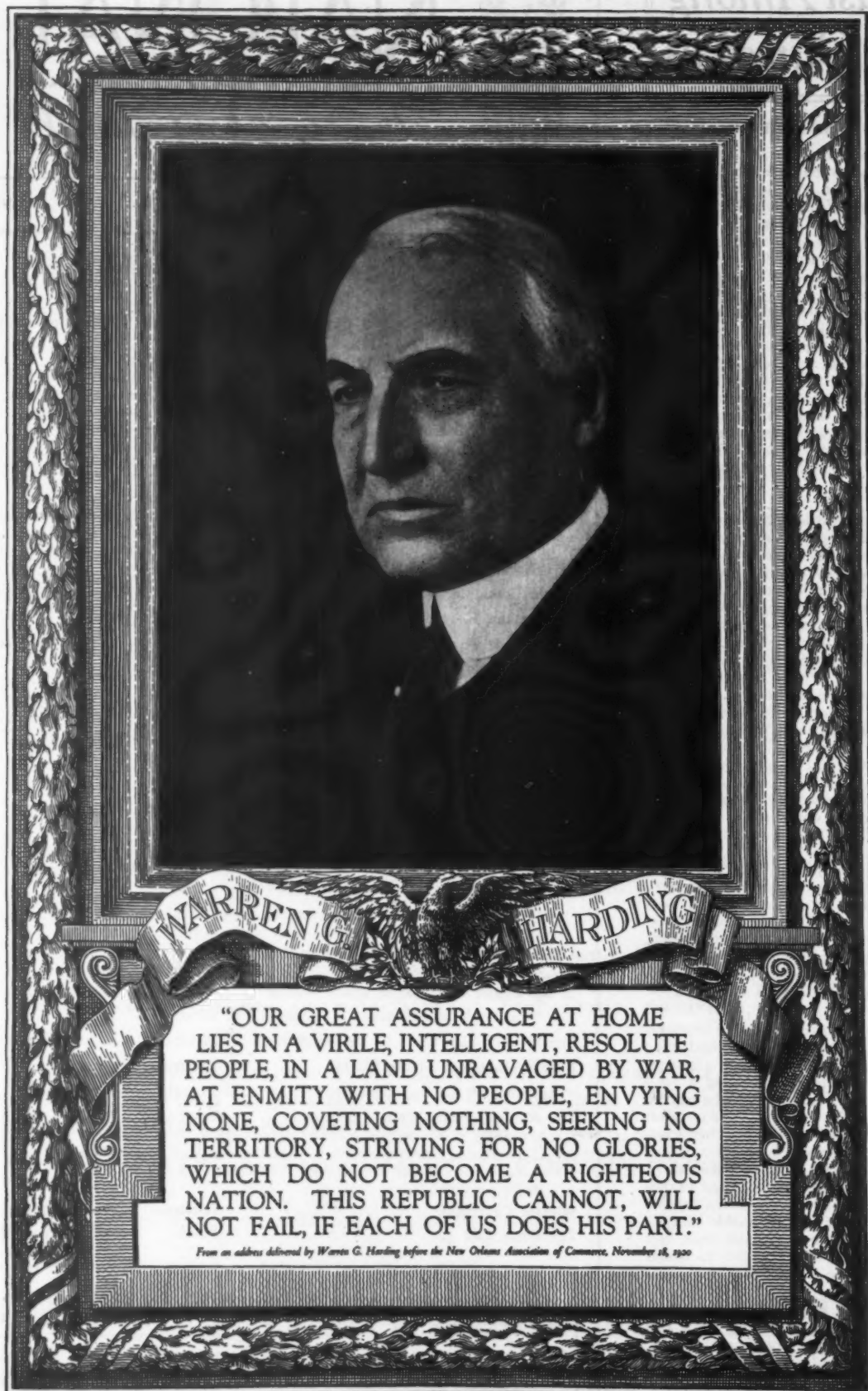
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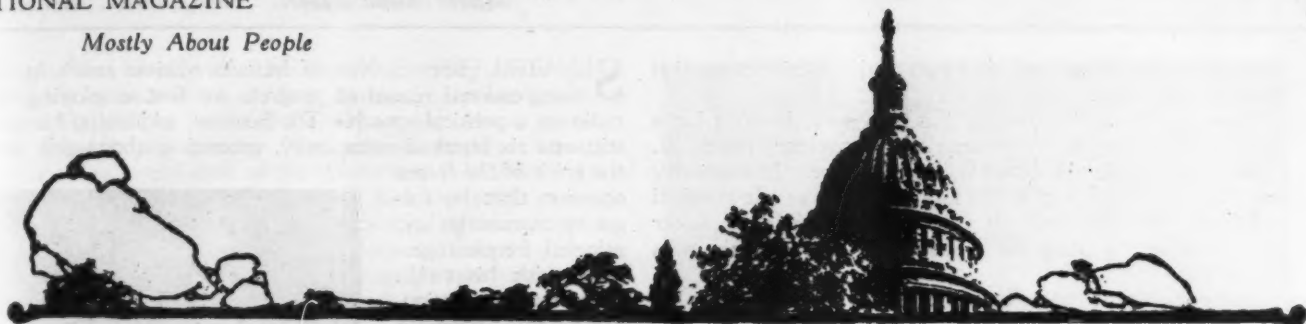
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# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



MID the cheering blossoms of May-time, Nature is doing all she can to soothe the ruffled tempers that burst forth on Capitol Hill in the drone of legislative routine. No one seems to know just what is the matter. The country is waiting—waiting for what? Definite action on the tariff bill, for one thing. The McCumber-Fordney bill, like all tariff measures, cannot hope to suit everyone, and it is traveling the rocky road of amendments toward engrossment.

The recent Congressional election returns and the results at the primaries are watched as keenly as the daily weather report. The ghosts of the past are studied. Yet how quickly one issue supplants another. First it is the bonus; then the sales tax; then the operation of the blocs. Altogether it seems difficult to find out where the blame for the delay rests. Every forward move is being exploited for political effect by the "outs," and carefully conserved for capital by the "ins." So the doors swing merrily "in and out"—while business waits outside.

It takes a philosopher like Uncle Joe, who has retired from Congress after the longest service of any individual, to focus the situation:

"Sooner or later we learn not to take our own personal views too seriously. The country is going right on, no matter what you and I may think, but every little incident is magnified into a plot at Washington. The modern politician is convinced that the only way he can come up for air and get the little spotlight turned upon him is by 'flaying' something. The people are wishing they might read reports of 'more laying and less flaying.' Then there might be some golden eggs."

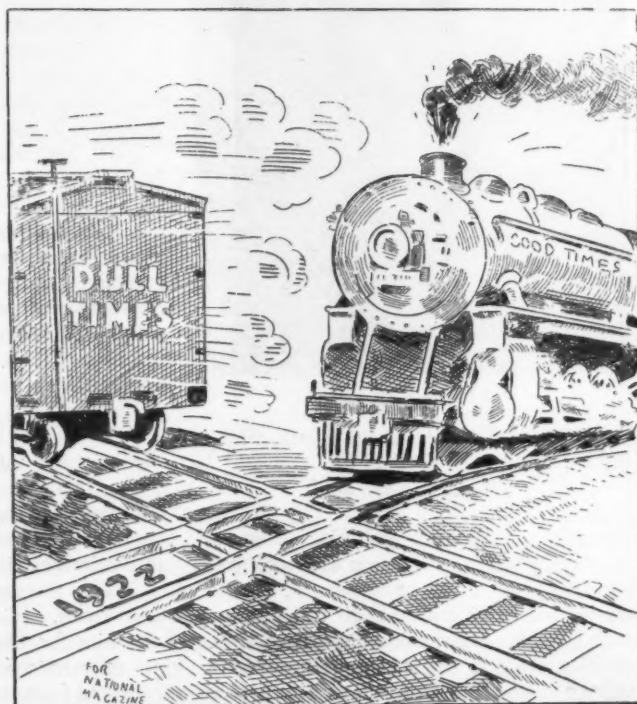
Some have insisted that the primaries are the primary cause of trouble. Since primaries there has been no opportunity for developing a decided and decisive leadership of men in the convention and face to face contact of a campaign. The war-time tendency of "passing the buck" of "cost plus" has been highly developed. While Congress has been criticised freely, much of it is undoubtedly unjust and unfair, for, after all, it represents the people and an unstable public mind. Divided into blocs, growing out of sectional prejudices and personal vanities, cohesive and co-ordinated legislation still remains a dream. Sad as it may seem, much of it has started in political enmities and patronage disappointments.

While the Genoa Conference is absorbing the attention of Europe, it would seem that Uncle Sam must sit right at home on the job and start things. Lloyd George has consequently played his "trump card" on the outcome in the hope of reaching an understanding in Europe that will start trade. There is a likelihood of the trade circle being completed in 1922 and the wheels started, slowly but effectively. Meantime, Uncle Sam is trying to tune up amid the whirlwind world broadcasting, and his ears are growing as the blasts pour in from all sides out of the invisible ether.

WHEN the resonant voice of Senator Spencer rings out on the floor of the Senate, his colleagues, as well as those in the gallery, give close attention. His opening of the famous Newberry case was one of the most masterful legal arguments ever presented on the floor of the House. He was chairman of the committee, and he had his facts and convictions. He met the sallies and the interruptions in the spirit of a man who knew his subject. He at once impressed his hearers.

When Selden P. Spencer was elected, it was as the result of a hard-fought battle, but the Republicans of Missouri have come to realize that he is of stronger timber than they had imagined. He is rather a small man, but reflects the vigor and virility of the new spirit in the Senate.

Senator Spencer was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, in September, 1862. He graduated from Yale and Washington University. He lectured at the Missouri Medical College as professor of medical jurisprudence. He was a member of the Missouri legislation away back in 1895, and from the time he made his first speech there they insisted that Selden Spencer was a coming man. He was judge of the circuit court of St. Louis and a captain and adjutant of the First Infantry of the



The "Good Times" special has the right of way

—Drawn for the NATIONAL by Guido B. Jones

Missouri Home Guard, and chairman of the district exemption board of St. Louis.

When elected to the United States Senate, he won by a majority of thirty-five thousand over Governor James W. Folk (Democratic), to succeed William J. Stone. His majority over Breckenridge Long, in the fateful 1920, was one hundred and twenty-one thousand. It would seem that Selden Spencer has proven to the "show-me Missourians" that he is the man for the work.

His resonant voice and clear-cut diction has added to the list of popular and attractive speakers in the Senate, but of more moment than the facility for speaking is the genius for marshalling facts and presenting them in a lucid, clear-cut, and common-sense way.

\* \* \*

WHEN F. E. Scobey took charge of the United States Mint, three billion dollars in gold were turned over to him by Raymond T. Baker, approximately one-third of all the gold in the world. Besides this there is another little item of

six hundred and seventy-six millions.

The mints are located in the cities of Philadelphia, Denver and San Francisco, with an office in New York.

The enormous stock of gold is accounted for because of the influx of the precious metal into this country since the war, and because the mints are required to buy all gold that is offered to them, unless it comes from Russia, for Bolshevik gold is tabooed.

Now, seemingly, Mr. Scobey will have to look out for synthetic German gold, for, according to the newspaper reports, the old dreams of the alchemists are coming true.

#### F. E. SCOBES

*As Director of the Mint he is custodian of approximately one-third of all the gold in circulation in the world*

for some years in San Antonio, Texas. He is a close personal friend of President Harding and took a very active interest in the last presidential campaign. He and Mrs. Scobey accompanied the President on their trip to Panama and Texas. His broad public and business experience amply fits him for the position. He is one of the old-fashioned kind of men who believe in loyalty and service to his responsibilities and friends. His legion of friends are gratified at this recognition of the abilities of one who knows how to do things—a clear-headed, level-headed, energetic man.

SENATOR Harry S. New of Indiana receives credit in the Congressional record of progress for first employing the radio for a political speech. The Senator, addressing his constituents six hundred miles away, entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the recent occasion that he forgot his manuscript and mingled frequent gestures with his talk, even pausing occasionally to give his unseen hearers time to voice applause. It was because Senator New, held in Washington by the treaty debate, was unable to take part in the campaign for the Republican nomination against his rival, ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge, that he employed this novel method.

It was typical of the farmers and city voters, thousands of them, listened in from far-off Indiana to the message of their senator.

The speech was delivered chiefly to a meeting of women voters in Indianapolis, but they were by no means the only class to hear it, and many comments came back from the Hoosier state that Senator New had not only made a hit by his speech, but had impressed the electorate that he was the right kind of a man to have in Washington as well.

A large number of Republicans present heard him deliver the long-distance radio appeal, among them about a dozen Senators and their wives. The frequent halts on the part of the speaker were filled in by messages from the Indiana transmitting machines to the effect that three cheers had been given for the next Senator.

Miss Alice Robertson, only woman member, arranged a similar speech to her voters in Oklahoma, and it is probable that if the schedule of Congress interferes with other campaigns the air route of reaching voters will become general.

\* \* \*

WHEN Doctor Work took his seat in the swivel chair as Will H. Hays' successor in the Post Office Department, everyone felt the vigorous suggestions of his name. Years ago, when he took up his responsibilities as a young practitioner out on the Colorado plains in the late eighties, there was not another doctor within forty miles of Fort Morgan, and there were more prairie dogs and coyotes than human beings.

It was not long, however, before the youthful physician established a reputation among the ranchers and miners in that vicinity, and after seven years he moved to Pueblo. As the years passed he became known and honored as an eminent physician, but despite all his professional duties, he was able



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#### SENATOR HARRY S. NEW

*The gentleman from Indiana holds the record of being the first to employ the radio for a political speech*

to contribute considerable time to aiding the Republican party, of which he had been a life-long member. He was a member of the Republican National Committee for several years.

It was not long after Dr. Work decided to retire from professional life at the close of the World War that Will H. Hays selected him for work in connection with the 1920 campaign.

After President Harding's election and Will H. Hays' appointment as Postmaster-General, Dr. Work was asked to become first assistant. It was a strenuous struggle to get him to accept the position, but Will Hays was equal to the job and finally Dr. Work arranged his private affairs at Pueblo and came to Washington. When the Postmaster-General decided to take up work in connection with the movies, everyone agreed that Dr. Work was the one man best fitted for the job.

It seems that one of the first problems Dr. Work has before him is to work out a scheme that will eliminate the existing discrimination in postal rates which hits the magazines, and to readjust the rates and provide an inducement to publishers to return their periodicals to the mail. The conditions at the present time allow private carriers to partake liberally of the revenue that should be dropped into the coffers of the Post Office Department.

A distinction seems to be based on the amount of advertising carried in the magazine, and it is upon this pivotal point that the present zone rates are based. Dr. Work has met and solved greater problems than that of readjusting and equalizing magazine distributing costs, and he will undoubtedly have a solution for this one.

\* \* \*

ALL Washington is amazed at ex-President Wilson's repudiation of his former private secretary, Joseph P. Tumulty, the very last one left of the old Wilson guard—that little group of once devoted men, each notable in his own sphere of action, who were so intimately identified with his political advancement.

It has rarely been the good fortune of any man occupying so high a position as that attained by Mr. Wilson to hold the unquestioning loyalty and devotion of a personal associate to such an extent as was demonstrated over and over again by Joe Tumulty in his attitude toward his chief.

To all appearances he fairly idolized Mr. Wilson and looked upon him not only as a great political leader, but as a prospective savior of mankind. His attitude was the manifestation of a rare species of hero worship such as is but seldom encountered in po-



JOSEPH P. TUMULTY



HON. JAMES M. COX

*The campaign for the nomination of Mr. Cox as presidential candidate is well under way. Apparently he is the "white hope" of the Democrats. He is strategically located, geographically—a seasoned and experienced political campaigner, with the prestige of a governorship to his credit. He may be called a strong man, and he is PERSONA GRATA with nearly every element of his party*

litical life, and Mr. Wilson's letter to the *New York Times*, denying the statement attributed to him by Tumulty at the Cox dinner can only be taken as a cold and deliberate repudiation by the ex-President of his faithful secretary, adviser and political manager.

The Wilson pathway has been liberally strewn with broken political attachments, but this most recent sundering of ties is looked upon more in the light of a wrecked personal friendship.

\* \* \*

IN order to preserve the popularity of Peace, and perhaps as a monument or lesson to future generations (for Peace is a precious commodity now), a magnificent Peace Arch has been dedicated at Blaine, Canada. It is, in fact, a perpetual monument to the more than a century of peace which has existed between Canada and the United States. Our Union





VICE-PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE

*The formerly little-considered position of vice-president, rescued from anonymity by its late incumbent, the human and lovable gentleman from Indiana, is still further adorned and dignified by the gentleman from Massachusetts. Mr. Coolidge has the golden gift of silence, than which there are few more salient indices of a finely functioning mind, and he meets every situation as it arises with effective diplomacy and aplomb.*

Jack relatives join us in offering fervent prayers that the coming century will be but a repetition of the former.

Mr. Samuel Hill has made possible this Arch, which he hoped to finish by 1914, but in which he was disappointed because of the interference of the World War. The arch is in a park of five acres on the boundary line between Canada and the United States. The center of the park will be the starting point of the Pacific Highway in the United States.

\* \* \*

**A** GAIN the President has served notice that he will veto the soldiers' bonus bill unless it carries some form of revenue. While not absolutely opposed to using the interest on the foreign debt for bonus payments, the President would prefer some direct form of taxation—preferably the sales tax.

This question of where the money is to come from is the great stumbling block in the way of bonus legislation. The Senate feels that the country at large will not accept kindly any suggestion of an increase of taxation, no matter for what purpose—and that any addition to the present burden at this time might have disastrous political consequences this fall.

The theory still persists, therefore, that the interest on the foreign debt, the first payment on which (from Great Britain) falls due in July, is the most likely source of revenue, in spite of the fact that the Treasury programme contemplates its use for retiring Liberty and Victory bonds.

It is, however, generally recognized that there is not much probability of France or Italy repaying their war debts to the United States, and the refunding operations soon to be begun by the special commission appointed by the President are likely to consume at least a year's time. This, together with the statement of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, estimating the total deficit for the fiscal year ending July first at close to half a billion dollars, is not simplifying the bonus situation while it is up for consideration in the Senate. Indeed, that august body seems now to be in as much of a mix-up over the whole proposition as the House was a few weeks ago.

\* \* \*

**T**HE President and Mrs. Harding, with Laddie Boy, the official Capitol "purp," were interested spectators of the time-honored annual "egg-rolling" on the White House grounds on Easter Monday. Between five thousand and seven thousand children enthusiastically took part in the riotous observance of their special and particular festival.

The early part of the day was strictly a children's occasion, and adults were not admitted to the grounds except when accompanied by a child.

The grassy slopes at the west side of the Capitol were apparently the favorite location for the rolling and "chipping," though the keepers at the Zoo were busy all day keeping the youthful visitors to that popular playground from feeding the brightly-colored eggs to the animals—shells and all. It would require Babson's whole statistical organization to compute the number of eggs cracked and eaten during the day. One glance at the shell-strewn Capitol grounds after the last weary



Uncle Sam "getting an earful" while "listening in" to the whirling world radio waves

—Drawn for the NATIONAL by Patrick Galvin

and happy youngster had departed would have convinced any beholder that all the eggs in the world had been broken there. It is quite safe to say that the keepers of the Capitol grounds will dream of egg shells for months to come.

The President and Mrs. Harding, when they appeared upon the portico, received a great ovation from the children, and it would have puzzled a beholder to decide which faces reflected the most pleasure, those of the children or those of the chief executive and his wife—both of whom love and understand and are loved and understood by children.

\* \* \*

**H**OW much more can be done with a smile than a scowl is illustrated in the career of Congressman Julius Kahn of California. His record of constructive work and public service shines out like his own beaming face in a group of his colleagues. As chairman of the House Military Affairs, his services on that committee during the war exemplified the possibilities of American citizenship.

Little Julius Kahn, a curly-headed, black-haired boy, arrived in America as a poor immigrant. He began work in a commission house in San Francisco at the age of sixteen. Later he was able to gratify his early ambitions and became an actor, asso-

ciated with Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, and many others of the highest artistic fame. Julius Kahn would have achieved distinction had he remained an actor, but he felt the call to public service and concentrated his talents upon other things after he had completed his law studies which he carried on while repeating and studying the lines of a play.

As chairman of the Military Affairs Committee he has stood before kings and has been with them in counsel, for he was in personal contact and conference with King George of England and King Albert of the Belgians, looking after the interest of our doughboys in the trying hours of the war.

A native of Germany, having been born at Kuppenheim, Julius Kahn came with his folks to the United States,



HON. JULIUS KAHN

*Member of Congress from California, and chairman of the Military Affairs Committee*

attained high rank as a lawyer. After serving one term in the California State Assembly, he was looked upon as a marked man for a political career.

After he was sent to Congress, he had the usual ups and downs. He has been elected and defeated, but the record of his brilliant achievements in these recent years accorded him the unusual distinction of having almost the unanimous support of his district.

A record of the legislative matters he has handled would no doubt fill a good-sized book, making the dictionary merely a recording list of his activities, for he is a tireless worker and goes through with his tasks till the curtain falls.

An outspoken, ardent advocate of universal military training, he feels that every youth of eighteen should have six months of intensive training, and that in ten years the United States would have a reserve of twelve hundred thousand soldier-citizens ready for any emergency—peace or war.

Congressman Kahn still has the musical, soft-spoken voice of the stage days. He has a charming personality that shines forth, whether on the floor of the House in a debate, or in private conversation. The Golden State loves to honor the whole-souled, big-hearted, bright-minded and gracious Julius Kahn, the diplomat of Congress and the friend of everyone.

\* \* \*

**T**HE fire that occurred at the New Hotel Willard the latter part of the month was not without its humorous as well as its spectacular features. Among the six hundred guests who were routed out of their beds early in the morning were Vice-President Coolidge, several members of (Continued on page 572)



Photo by Garo

MRS. CHARLES SUMNER BIRD

*The Massachusetts League of Women Voters, under the leadership of Mrs. Bird, are working for the creation of a Department of Education and legislation specifically providing for maternity aid, the removal of illiteracy, Americanization of aliens, physical education, teacher-training and equalization of educational opportunities in the states*

settling in Calaveras County, California, in 1866, and has proved how real American citizens are made. The young lad attended high school and nursed the budding ambition for some sort of a public career. He studied law and soon

# Edwin Upton Curtis

## *The Tribute of a Friend*

By LOUIS A. COOLIDGE

NED CURTIS is dead. To those who knew him best it is a grief—not a surprise.

For years he calmly looked death in the eye while death's relentless finger pressed against his heart. His life was the ideal of public service. It was devoted to his city and his state, and overflowing them there fell to him the lot of rendering his country a benefit such as few others rendered in his time. He was an unpretentious man, steadfast in purpose. He never played for popular applause, though gratefully accepting popular support, and this he gained through duty well performed. He was a consummate politician, a keen and seldom erring judge of motives. He had, of course, the trust of his own party friends, but beyond that he had the unquestioning confidence of his political opponents.

There was no other man in Boston who could combine so many interests and groups. Yet all his power in politics he used for others benefit. He helped to raise men to high places, but never thought of asking office for himself. Public responsibilities came knocking at his door. He did not shun them and he did not weigh them by the standard of the prestige they might bring. He was almost shrinking in his modesty and his indifference to credit or to fame. His fearlessness and loyalty were inarticulate. He worked on silently while others talked, and was quite satisfied if what he did was justified by the result. Twice in recent years he might have been elected Governor if he had been content to hibernate as an apprentice in an ornamental place.

The things that interested him were things that interested Boston, and in the service of the city he did not spare himself. He was the mayor for a term—the youngest mayor the city ever had—and in a single year set new high standards which no succeeding mayor has ventured to pull down. Reforms which he inaugurated prevail even now at City Hall. He was a member of the park commission and there built up the park police into a body which still has the impress of his discipline and organizing skill. He was assistant treasurer of the United States and afterwards collector of the port. In both these places he was unexcelled. He was the leader of the constitutional convention. As chairman of the bill of rights committee he put an end to the sectarian question which had for years been a demoralizing issue in the state. In that committee he found men of many creeds and factions. By tact and through the force of his own personality he brought them to harmonious agreement and guided the convention to substantially unanimous support.

Accomplishments like these enriched his record beyond the scope of most ambitions; but what he will be best remembered by, the crown of his career, was what he did as the police commissioner of Boston—as competent a guardian of the public safety as a great city ever had. This was the top of his achievement, and to achieving it he sacrificed his life. He was hardly in the place when he was stricken by the first of the attacks which at last brought the end. Few knew it at the time, for he did not complain, but set himself to carry out the plan he had in view to make the body under his control the model force which it has now become. To this

one purpose he gave everything he had to give. He loved his friends, yet he withdrew from their companionship because he could not spare the energy he needed in his work. He quit his clubs and all they meant to him. He had a single thought—the oath which he had sworn to serve the city and the state.

Then came the crisis which involved the strike. Should the men under his command divide allegiance between an outside unofficial body and the authority to which as public servants they had sworn their oath? The question had been put in other cities; and in every other city those who were charged with the defense of order had

thrown up their hands. Should the police of the United States be unionized? All others feebly had said "Yes!" Curtis said "No." For months he held his own unfalteringly while well intentioned timid men were pleading compromise and no one in official place was giving him assurance of support. The leaders of the force fed by the compromising spirit, which ran through the air, defied him. They joined the union and after fair and thorough trial with scrupulous regard for the provisions of the law Ned Curtis ordered their discharge. All this time he stood alone, not knowing any morning whether he would live to see another day. (Continued on page 548)



Photo by Henry Havelock Pierce, New York and Boston

The late Edwin Upton Curtis, Boston Police Commissioner



"Oh! it's great to belong to Rotary"—Harry Lauder

# History and Heart Ideals of Rotary

*Where good fellows get together to work out the inspiring motto of "Service, not self"—pledged not in words, but deeds*

IT seems as if we cannot remember the time when Rotary was not. The date of the national organization only harks back twelve brief and eventful years—while the first Rotary Club, organized by Paul Harris, carries the date of February, 1905, seventeen years ago. What wonders these seventeen years have wrought in the world through the haven of Rotary ideals!

What is Rotary, they ask. Not just like any one thing, and yet like everything else. Rotary has no ritual and is as free as the air we breathe. It is nothing more than men getting together once a week, looking into each other's eyes, and beginning to understand each other and each other's problems and joys. It is called a "Rotary Circle," as the organization circle includes one representative in every line of business, not for the purpose of exclusiveness, but in order to include representation of creative and constructive men in all phases of human activities.

While it has something of the nature of a club where good fellows get together, before one is conscious of it he finds that he is working out the motto, "Service, not self,"—pledged not in words, but in deeds. Service is not a heritage. He finds it growing upon him day by day the impulse to just do things for the other fellow, and finds in this service a perfected freedom. Rotary expresses the longing of the lonesome man and the stimulation of that impulse that stirs within the heart of every individual to want to do something for others, recognizing that even in small service is true service.

For many years I have been a Rotarian, and I have never known what it is to be a wayfaring stranger, for there are eleven hundred and thirty-three clubs in the United States, and forty-one in Great Britain. There is a Rotary telephone everywhere, and there is a Rotary welcome at the end of the line.

The organization is basic because it begins with the fundamental of fellowship—service rendered for duty, not for meed. The members first must call each other by their first names, and some even at times relapse into the nicknames of boyhood. The name is the same they heard their mother call in the morning, and softly speak in her prayers at night. Strange to say, it makes men natural when they become "Jim," "Joe," "Jack," "Bill," and "Charlie" again. It unconsciously eliminates the superficialities of later life, when it is "Mr." this and "Mr." that, and degrees and honors sort of twist and puff personal vanities. One of the old philosophers has said: "From our own selves our joys must flow."

Many a silver-haired man's eyes have twinkled and even filled with tears as he drops into a room and finds himself greeted by the same name he was greeted with by boyhood chums of long ago, and feels the full consciousness that he is being understood.

This naturally obliterates the little vanity spots, and old and young, butcher and baker, lawyer and locksmith find themselves, after all, kith and kin, discovering the real joys of acquaintance in doing constructive things in play hour, and making real work a pastime.

The strict observance of attendance at Rotary Club automatically eliminates driftwood, and

there are many changes in the membership, but it is a notable fact that no Rotary Club has ever failed, because it has the solid timber of unselfish interest to build the superstructures.

Every man is a better member of his family, church, and civic organizations because he is a Rotarian. There are no barriers of creed, for in a Rotary conference, rabbi, priest, and preacher sit side by side in prayer, speech, and deliberations, forgetting all distinctions, except that of fellowship.

While he carries no insurance policy, with conditions declared in small type and exactions and limitations, the obligations of Rotary are not written, but recorded in acts. He discovers himself dealing with himself through helping others. It is an organization where "actions shout louder than words," and Rotary wheels are so geared up that the activities of one city touch the activities of another in an endless chain that never ceases—for a Rotary meeting is held somewhere, in some city or country throughout the world every hour of passing time.

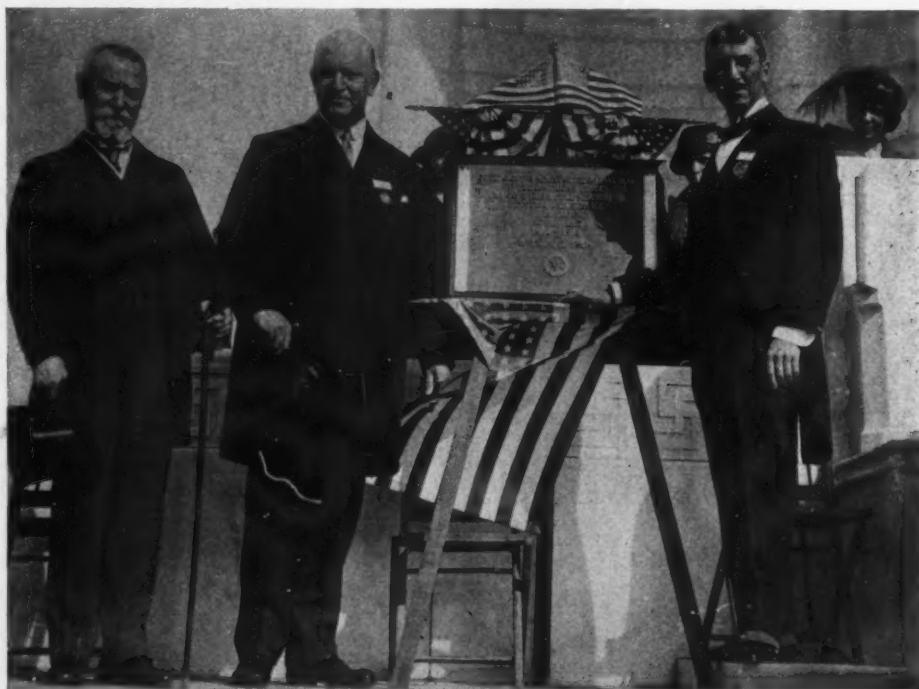
At a Rotary luncheon you would scarcely think of what you were eating. It may be soup and string beans every luncheon in the year, but the guests at the tables rotate from week to week for a chat. It has long been discovered that conversation is as necessary as chewing for good digestion. That noonday luncheon may be like

an oasis in a dull, drab week. You are there on time, for you know that the meals are served on time and that the closing hour comes on the dot.

Although there are usually no ladies present at the meetings, except on "Ladies Night," or a woman's auxiliary, women are always present—for ribald jest is always eliminated. There is not a Rotary wife that does not keenly observe that there is something about that Rotary that makes Joe, Bill, Charlie, or Jack a little more mellow and closer to the home fireside than ever before. She peeps into the *Rotarian Magazine*, and the first thing you know is that she knows more about the doings of Rotary than the husband or brother who is a member.

The benefits of Rotary are not confined to its membership. A Rotarian who does not have a guest to dinner every so often is not in good standing. Guests have all the advantages of a member. Think of a national organization of over a thousand clubs meeting every week, with an attendance averaging seventy-five per cent, only allowing twenty-five per cent for sickness and other causes. This more than anything else indicates the lively and sustained interest in an organization that is a part of every individual who has learned the lesson of service above self, and that "he profits most who serves best."

Paul Harris, the Chicago lawyer, started the first Rotary Circle with three friends. They



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READING from right to left we see Rotary International President Crawford C. McCullough, Secretary of the Navy Denby, a member of the Detroit Rotary Club, and French Ambassador Jules Jusserand, Dean of the Diplomatic Corps of Washington, at the unveiling ceremonies of the Rotary Memorial Tablet in the Arlington National Cemetery Amphitheater on the occasion of the placing of the tablet on the tomb of the unknown American soldier. The ceremonies took place on the stage of the amphitheater before a large gathering of Rotarians from all parts of the country, as a prelude to the Fifth District Conference held in Washington, D. C., March 26, 27, and 28th

began rotating about to each other's offices, helping each other to get more out of the dreaded lonely hours, and now over a thousand circles have been radiated from this little group.

When the delegates left the United States for Edinburgh last June, they carried with them the spirit that found its full fruition in the work of the Washington Conference. The Rotarian is a crusader, without tinsel and gaudy glamour. His armor is a smile, kind words, hearty handshake and helpful deeds. There is no great central broadcasting station for Rotary. Every man learns how to broadcast in his daily life, and he knows how to when sorrow, trouble, and tribulations come to others.

The little children brought from the nursery at the Hartford conference first heard the laughter, cheers, and applause when the Rotary Club brought them to their meeting, in the spirit of the Master: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Many thousands of crippled children, and many a boy that is now making his way through college will ever be grateful for the quiet but general broadcasting helpfulness of Rotary.

The district conferences and conclaves are a reflection of the inspiring occasions of international meetings. The conclave of District No. 2, at Poland Springs in the autumn time, and the spring conference at Hartford in March days will ever be remembered, because the membership of towns and cities began to understand each other, forgetting the jibes and jealousy reflected in neighborhood jest. There was something wholesome in the comradeship.

The work of Governor Herbert Wilson for the past year is a fitting sequel to the work of previ-

ous governors, for when a man is governor of a Rotary district every ounce of time and energy that he can devote to the work is given cheerfully and freely.

Rotary is growing. Now it is proposed to divide the twenty-five districts into forty-four. Careful study has been given this question, and the new map is based upon keen observation and intelligent discussion. These forty-four districts are now being utilized as sales districts by many national distributors. The old state and sectional lines have been swept aside. Even New England has been divided. Texas has been halved. It may seem like a blow to state pride, but the divisions have been made on logical lines, serving groups of population with the most accessible transportation facilities for getting together. The purpose is to bring people closer together. While these lines in the Rotary districts divide states, they do not in any way detract from state pride, but serve to break down the barriers of isolation that soon lapse into stagnation.

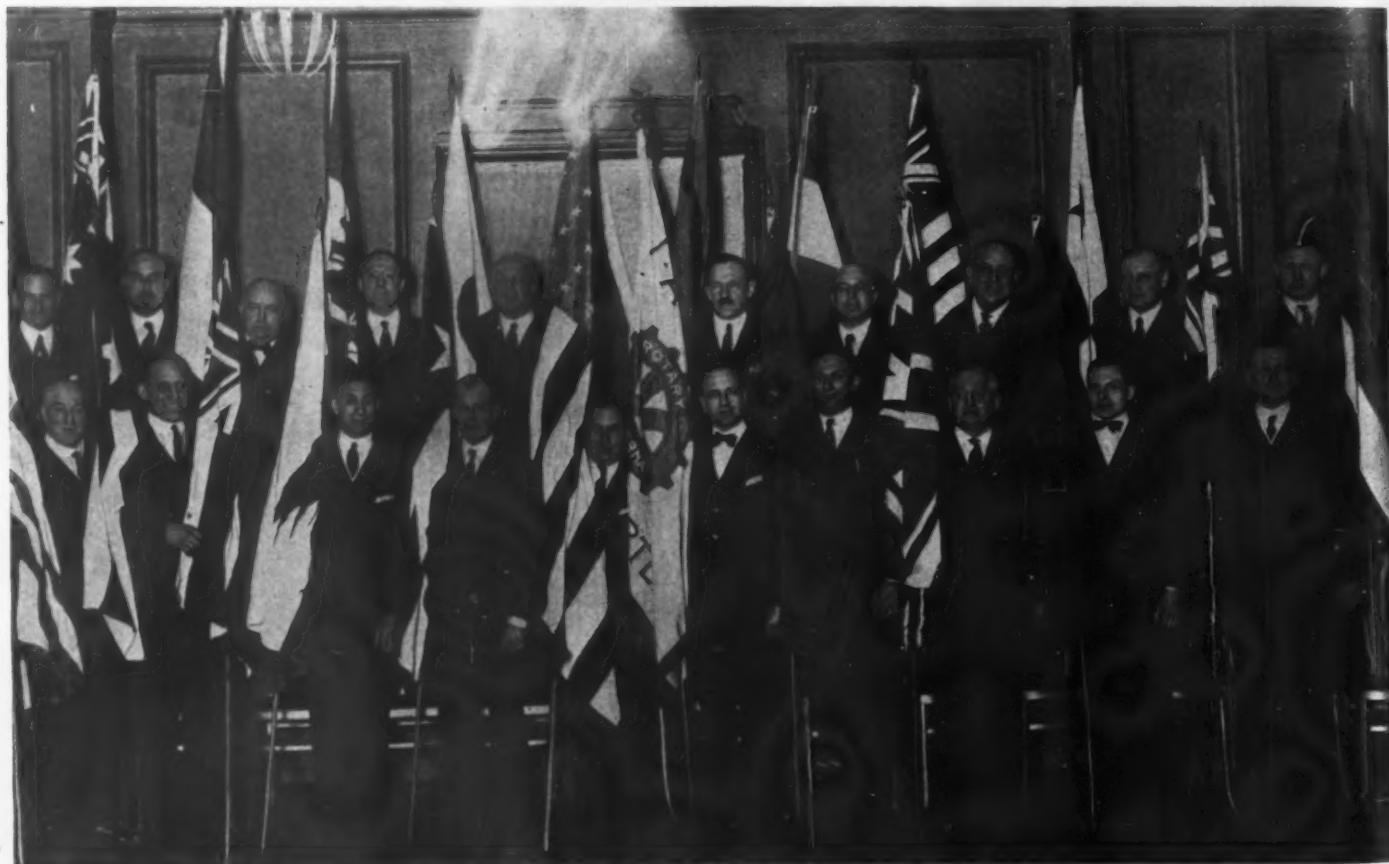
Long before the Eighteenth Amendment, without a written ban or decree, no liquor was ever served at a Rotary dinner. A Rotary gathering always recognizes that women are always present. Every man has the impulse to act natural. It is not a place for the grouchy or gloom, for the golden sunshine radiates in the wheel of Rotary.

There are many millions outside of the Rotary roster who are good Rotarians. Organization of similar luncheon clubs are in no way jealously looked upon as imitations by those included in the Rotary roll-call, for that circle is like the horizon itself—ever widening and always covering that which is in view—everyone and everywhere at all times.

As a clearing house for individual ethics, or worthy causes and ideas, Rotary develops not by rule or rote. The innate impulse growing up within each one is like a natural spring with its ever-living waters of life. Sometimes I think that Rotary was the ideal of Columbus, when he insisted the world was round and started on his voyage of discovery. Rotary in itself is all round—implies that there must be no angles, sharp corners, or shrill tones. It has the mellowed softness, roundness, and completeness. As long as this simplicity and naturalness is maintained, Rotary is destined to grow, thrive, and do good.

To keep free from the clique and self-sufficient pride and the vanities of their membership, and not taking themselves too seriously, is the ideal of Rotarian fellowship. With serious and high purpose leavened with humor and sincerity, Rotary will continue to rotate for the years to come into the hearts of humankind in every country and every clime, because it recognizes the golden rule as the one thing that squares the acts and deeds of every man before he can claim the distinction of manhood in the full and unmeasured sense of the word.

Rotary reflects the spirit of these tingling times, which teem with the radio communication. It is that invisible ether of social fellowship that carries Rotary messages without the spoken word or written decree. More than all that, Rotary broadcasts in every town and city, where gleams the emblem of the cogged wheel. The wheel is never still, for human nature, like nature, must always be in motion. Thoughts and ideals are broadcasted while each club "listens in," without wires or antennae, without audion or amplifier—



**THE ROTARY CLUB OF CHICAGO**, Club No. 1, celebrated the anniversary of the founding of Rotary with a special program in which the original members and "Old Timers" had a prominent part. One of the features was a pageant in which was graphically represented the organization of Rotary Clubs in the different countries of the world in which the Rotary standard has been planted. Above are shown the members of the club who took part in the pageant. In the first row, left to right, are: Elmer Rich, Franz Brzezckowski, Max Goldenberg, Byron Jones, George Gaw, Harvey Welch, Raymond Peglow, John Sullivan, Earl Benedict, H. E. Shorey. Second row, left to right: Cyril Boak, James Flood, Ervin Kemp, Elmer Wilt, Bill Williamson, Ignace Reis, Curt Cruver, Bill Traub, Max Wolff, and John Dillavou. Secretary-General Chesley Perry was master of ceremonies of this flag pageant.

absorbing these suggestions of helpfulness that radiate from good heartfelt impulse.

Suppose you were celebrating a birthday anniversary?

And suppose instead of receiving a lot of presents and congratulations and best wishes, you decided to give all your friends a present that would be worth something to them.

"I wish to reiterate something of which you may already be aware: I very earnestly wish to make you a pledge . . . to co-operate with you to the best of my ability and in the most practical and most effective way known to business men, in helping make our friendship the most valuable possession we each possess, and to help each other in all our worthy undertakings as well as to make our city the best town in the best county in the best state in the best country in the wide, wide world."

Great idea that, isn't it?

But nobody would do it—you say?

Rather a large order, think you?

A bit thick in spots and hardly the kind of a thing a staid business man would want to sign? All right for an impractical idealist—a poet, perhaps. But for a regular business man—a sales manager—a hard-headed manufacturer in this year of Our Lord Nineteen double two . . . ?

And yet some seventy-five thousand of the most conservative, most progressive and most constructive business men in twenty-two countries throughout the world sent exactly that message in those words and that spirit to the head of every civic organization, the mayor of



**CRAWFORD C. McCULLOUGH, M.D.**, of Fort William, Ontario, Canada, is president of the International Association of Rotary Clubs, 1921-22

And suppose, when you came to consider the most valuable thing you had, you decided it was yourself!

If you attempted to divide yourself up among your friends there wouldn't be much of you for any one of them. And, besides, you are no good to your friends or to anyone in piecemeal. It must be the whole of you, the soul of you and the energy of you behind that soul that is worthwhile.

But suppose you were determined to give yourself to your friends as the most valuable thing you had—and at the same time the one thing you had which would really be of most value to your friends.

And so, on your birthday, suppose you sat down at your desk and wrote a letter something like this:

"I am enjoying my birthday anniversary today.

"Whatever achievement marks the history of the past years of my life is due entirely to, and its ultimate worth is measured by, the manner in which I have lived up to the creed that 'He profits most who serves best.'



**HERBERT E. WILSON** of Worcester, Mass., is governor of Rotary No. 2, New England.

the city, governor of the state or province, school-superintendent and other public officials in more than one thousand cities.

They did more than this. As though fearful that someone might be beyond the reach of their letters, and as they were anxious that their idea might be put to work by other people, they caused the Secretary of the Navy to send around the world from the high power wireless station at Annapolis, Maryland, this message to the peoples of the world:

"Is there any problem of government, industry or commerce which a practical application of the spirit of mutual service will fail to solve?"

Quite some birthday idea that—the giving of a pledge of service instead of just receiving a greeting and a present. And the presentation



As a feature of Chicago's anniversary program, a Rotary "skit" was presented. The three "fathers" are: G. V. Earl, as George Washington, the Father of his Country; Tom Phillips, representing Father Time, and Rotarian Paul P. Harris, the Father of Rotary—founder of first Rotary Club

of an idea to the world that might be useful—that would at least set the world thinking.

This was the way the International Association of Rotary Clubs celebrated its seventeenth birthday anniversary on February 23d last.

Putting sentiment to work and feeding it something in the form of practical effort that gives it more substance than the hot air that usually fills it out, is the way the speakers before one Rotary club defined the growth of the organization at the celebration of its seventeenth anniversary.

From one man to eight thousand, from one club to more than eleven hundred, from one city to the cities of twenty-five countries in the small cycle of seventeen years, is the way the organization has grown, according to the speakers at the birthday anniversary meeting. Many reasons were advanced for the growth—but the main reason suggested is that the practical application of Rotary in all branches of business and social life in the communities where Rotary has been established has caused it to grow, surely and substantially. This unique creed is a part of what is called the Rotary Platform and the Rotary Code of Ethics. The Rotary Platform was adopted by the organization in 1911 and is a concise statement of the principles and ethics guiding and actuating all Rotary Clubs.

The "Rotary Code of Ethics" was adopted in 1915 and sets forth the principles and practices that "should exist not only between Rotarians but all business and professional men everywhere."

The anniversary meetings of the various clubs throughout the world serve to call attention to the fact that Rotary club activities are many and varied. They are usually confined locally to activities which no other organization is formed to accomplish. Taking the activities of all Rotary clubs the world over they touch every phase of community life. For example, a department of boys' work is one of the several departments at the central office at Chicago made necessary because of the interest manifested by Rotary clubs in this work. Rotary Boys' Work is not confined to any one phase. Several clubs have made a notable success in





**RAYMOND KNOEPFEL**, president of the New York City Rotary Club. The Rotary Club of the metropolis welcomed and bade godspeed to the delegates to the International Rotary Convention at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1921. The New York Club has also presented handsome American flags to all of the foreign clubs and took the initiative in underwriting all the funds for the great Rotary Poster Campaign. The splendid achievements of the New York Rotary Club during the administration of Ray Knoepfel has proven his ability as an executive of the highest order

their humanitarian work among the crippled children of the poor.

But boys' work, as stated before, is only one of the many activities. Second to none in Rotary activities comes community service. Rotary Clubs in many, many cities have been instrumental in arousing a civic pride and consciousness that has resulted in the preparation and adoption of city beautiful plans; erection of club houses for soldiers and community settlement houses and the providing of night schools for aliens and their instruction in the fundamentals of Americanism. Better public highways, "get-together-meetings" of farmers and business men, community singing, employment of visiting nurses, safety-first campaigns, in fact, a complete list of the various activities of Rotary clubs would take up many columns and would include nearly every phase of man's endeavor toward making his city, his state and country, a better place in which to live.

On April 1st, there were 1133 clubs affiliated with the International Association of Rotary Clubs, 1001 of which were in the United States, and fifty-four in Canada, fifty-five in Great Britain, eight in Cuba, two in Porto Rico, two in Australia, two in New Zealand, and one each in Uruguay, Philippine-Islands, China, Panama, India, Argentina, Spain, Japan, Mexico, France, Union of South Africa and New Foundland.

An event that clearly revealed the new alliance between the business and social phases in

America as well as throughout the world transpired when the Rotary Club of New York joined with the poster men of the United States in a Prosperity Campaign that marks an illuminating page in the history of the times. The combined activities of this aggregation of live wires laid down a barrage consisting of a hundred thousand twenty-four-sheet poster boards ablaze with nine prosperity logans.

The first of these slogans was a message from President Harding at the White House, and eight other stirring slogans followed in quick succession, proclaiming on the highways and byways to the American eye everywhere, in the light of God's own sunshine, the call for prosperity.

In eight thousand cities, towns and hamlets throughout the United States, fifty million people through their eyes, the windows of the soul, caught the spirit of this message.

During the months of December, January and February, the phalanx of poster-boards, one hundred thousand strong, held the lines as the heavy artillery of the great offensive dashed toward prosperity. Even in the chilly days of January and February there were messages that showed the warmth of comradeship between all lines of business in the great campaign. In each corner of the poster were the modest words, "Rotary Club Members."

The plan was projected by the New York Rotary Club, whose activities have already won international renown. Wherever there has been a club for them in foreign lands, it has been pre-

sented with the American flag by the New York Rotary Club. It has carried the message of the flag to the four corners of the earth in a way that is as impressive as when followed by lines of troops in arms.

The gatling-gun effect of one-quarter million posterettes, shining out in bright display, was most effective. The cost of this campaign was roughly estimated at \$500,000—but that does not tell the story. It represented the contribution of one hundred thousand boards by the generous hearted members of the Poster Advertising Association, who were quick to answer the patriotic request.

The lithograph men, the paper men, the ink men, all joined in furnishing a striking and unparalleled example of co-operation in business. The \$60,000 required for the cost of ink, printing and paper was to be underwritten by the members of the New York Rotary Club. Their courage and enterprise awakened a hearty response among Rotarians everywhere.

The Prosperity Poster Campaign was the evolution of an idea, and the story of its inception is a dramatic incident.

Ivan B. Nordhem gazed from the window of his office opposite Bryant Park and saw the ground strewn with newspapers that had served as beds the night before for men out of work, who had no other place to sleep.

While the bread line was being formed for hungry men across the Park, he thought of the great armies that had been marching down that Avenue and of how they had kept in step. He was thinking, "What we need, is to get in step as we were during the war and drive full speed ahead together."

From this thought evolved the idea which co-ordinated all the factors of publicity for one good purpose. In a few hours he was in Washington consulting with high officials. He obtained their co-operation, then the co-operation of the Rotary Club and the Poster Advertising Association, and the idea crystallized into a fact that has now become history.

President Brinkmeyer and Chairman W. W. Workman of the Government Relations Committee of the poster men led in the first barrage and when the co-operation of the poster men was secured at the Poster Advertising Convention, the ball started rolling. The campaign is significant because it shows how the common point from state, city and committee is allied to the interests of business men, and that every business is more or less inter-dependent.

The Prosperity unveiling occurred on December 1st. The big idea had begun to grow, and the campaign was inaugurated for the newspapers and periodical advertising, and no sooner was it done, than everybody worked and pulled together—for the campaign cheered the soul of every one in the fight against general depression.

It was the poster men themselves who first inaugurated the idea of purely educative work. Some years ago they put out posters on "Nativity," "Go to Church," and the Boy Scouts, which indicates the proud patriotic spirit of the men behind the poster plants.

Himself a newspaper man, President Harding took an active interest in following up the poster of having the infantry represented in the papers and periodicals following up the work of the heavy artillery.

When ground was gained every day, general depression began to retreat. Then came the theatres, motion picture theatres taking the lead, and flashing before the eyes of twenty-eight million people every day the message of prosperity. The whole trend of thought of the world was changed through this campaign. There was a general relaxation. Many threatening attacks on production and prosperity were averted and the drive was carried on with a busy barrage from all the theatres.

What more fitting sequel to the Conference at Washington where the camouflage of diplomacy

and the avalanche of lies was turned aside and the light of truth and sincerity permeated and flooded the relations between nations.

With its ten million men under arms, the United States of America could not have re-



**CHARLES R. FORESMAN**, Vice-President of Boston Rotary; Treasurer of John C. Dow Co., and Manager of subsidiary company of American Glue Company

cruted a force more potential upon future times than that co-ordinated through the genius of the dynamic publicity force of the United States.

During the closing days of last year, a band of fourteen French business and professional men were gathered in Paris to learn about the principles of a great international organization, and to be initiated into the fraternity of service, of inspirational community service.

To one foreigner among them, an American, they looked confidently for more light upon the principles of the organization, the ideals of which they had grasped and the details of which they were eager to be instructed about. The foreigner was H. J. Lutch Stark, of Orange, Texas, the third international vice-president of Rotary.

Mr. Stark radiated enthusiasm and the Frenchmen, very impressionable, absorbed his spirit and radiated it in turn. Six hundred Americans were entertained by the little group of scarcely a dozen, directed in a tour of the battlefields and national cemeteries, and presented to President Millerand and Premier Briand.

Mr. Stark, of the little Texas town, who was affiliating this first Rotary Club of France as one of his first official duties, executed every detail

with an energy which won not only the commendation of the other Americans in the party, but the admiration of the new French brethren.

The third international vice-president has always been a busy man. Occasionally, for a few days, he visits his own state, where he may, in the course of a day or two, attend a meeting of the Board of Regents of the University of Texas to chat with his good friends in Texas Rotary, attend to business matters in connection with half a dozen different firms; but shortly he is off again to confer with the international president of Canada or to inspect new clubs in one country or another in Europe.

Rotary is much the same the world over and it applies a practical idealism, declares this busy executive of the great non-political, secular organization. It means as much to the Britisher as it does to the American, as much to Britain as to America. The only difference is that the Britishers, with Old World courtesy, have not arrived at our practice of calling each other by first names, but the spirit of genial warmth beneath the breeding is identical.

The English Rotarian now appreciates the value of the songs his American brother sings. Rotary is thriving with ever-increasing robustness everywhere, Mr. Stark feels. There is only one country that has proved impregnable, and that is Spain. At Madrid, Mr. Stark points out, peculiar political conditions have resulted in people of one faith refusing to even speak to or associate with those of other views, and it is therefore almost impossible to get a good representation of business men from merely one group of the same political persuasion.

Mr. Stark is an intense enthusiast and sees little but sunshine in the skies for the future for Rotary.

As he travels from one city to another, stopping for a moment to give executive advice in one of his banks, hotels, electric light companies, oil companies, real estate firms, or lumber companies, one ideal ever rotates uppermost in his mind—the ideal of Rotary, of which he holds the pre-eminent position in the United States. He graduated at the University of Texas and is chairman of the Board of Regents—the youngest man who has ever held that position, and his native city of Orange, Texas, is aglow with the enterprises in which he is interested, but he has given much of his time as a Rotary crusader.

The speech of President Crawford C. McCullough, International Association of Rotary Clubs, at Arlington National Cemetery, March 26, 1922, during the ceremony incident to placing of Rotary's bronze tablet on the tomb of America's Unknown Soldier follows:

"The tomb of the Unknown Soldier, who so completely and simply demonstrated the ideal of service before self, is the shrine before which men should pause in their busy everyday tasks and reflect upon the fruits of service and sacri-

fice, and to ask how nearly they approach in realization the ideal for which this soldier laid down his life.

"How surely do we keep faith with him, and with his comrades who sleep in this field of Arlington, and with those millions who sleep beneath the soil of France and Flanders?

"Last summer it was my great privilege and honor to take part in a ceremony in Paris, France, when representatives of International Rotary placed a memorial on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier who rests in his last sleep beneath the shelter of the Arch of Triumph.

"Again, in November last, representatives of International Rotary laid a memorial for a symbol of its tribute to the glory and honor of the soldiers of the various nations comprising the British Empire upon the tomb of the Unknown Warrior who sleeps within the sacred walls of Westminster Abbey.

And now, on this holy day and at this sacred place we are come to pay like tribute to the army of the heroic dead whose spirit is typified by the Unknown Soldier of the United States of America, at whose tomb we are now assembled.

"And so, as representatives of International Rotary, with love and in reverence, we salute the heroic dead and as we deposit this token pray



**CHARLES H. HOOD**, President of Boston Rotary, head of H. P. Hood & Sons, dairy experts and largest milk distributors in New England

that this sacred place shall ever be a shrine at which men and women of this nation and all other free peoples may renew their faith in God, in country, and the ideal of unselfish and useful service."

## Let's Work, Play and Sing

A message to Rotarians from Sir Harry Lauder, the world-famous Scottish comedian, a member of the Rotary Club of Glasgow, Scotland

I HAVE been often asked, "What is Rotary?" Rotary is a golden strand in the cable of friendship. Everything that is good and noble, every symbol, every precept, every phase of our work should impress upon us the magnitude of our duty and our united responsibility. Rotary has opened many channels toward a better understanding. Some of us are really town-proud of what we have accomplished in the way of friendship. Rotary is a power for the unity of the English-speaking people. Never has there been a greater need of unity between Great Britain and America. There is no real cause for these two great nations being apart. Their peoples speak the same tongue, they have the same ideals, the same institutions, the same morals and spiritual ideals. Any man who may be against the unity of the English-speaking people is a menace to Peace. Coming so often in contact with Rotary, I am convinced it is one of the greatest organizations in the world, a wonderful power for good.

—The Rotarian.

"Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil"

# Hays Leads Film Industry to War

*The public, no less than the producers, are deeply interested in the proposed activities of the new directing force of the film industry*

By BLYTHE SHERWOOD

THE motion picture industry has declared war. The conference in Washington presumably has culminated in the desire of industry to disarm itself of foibles and sentimental inefficiency. It will fight antagonism and enforce untruths to be retaliated. Strategic manoeuvres will be waged against disinterest and contempt. It has banded together, summoned its Minute Men, and is ready to, or has already fired the first gun.

In the Gold Room of the Hotel Astor, New York City, one evening last month, the moving picture industry convened. Present in the congregation were directors, stars, photo-playwrights, art directors, cinematographers, art titlers, press agents, and—lest we forget, producers. Their guest of honor was Will H. Hays. The Motion Pictures Directors' Association had seen fit to combine business with *hors d'oeuvres* and had organized a committee to render a banquet to him on the eve of his adventure to strip the veil from the celluloid and face the revelation of its secrets.

To the right and to the left of Mr. Hays, at the imposing dias, sat Mayor Hylan, William Randolph Hearst, Secretary of Labor Davis, Adolph Zukor, of the Famous Players Lasky Company, Peter J. Brady, supervisor of the City Record, Albert Firmin, of the New York Post Office, Sydney Cohen, President of the Motion Picture Theatre Owners of America, Albert D. Lasker, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, and Hugh Frayne, of the American Federation of Labor. John Emerson, President of the Actor's Equity Association, and endeared to the thousands employed in motion pictures, was the toastmaster. Arthur Brisbane offered some judicious advice and Channing Pollock, international playwright, representing the Author's League, cried: "How on earth are you going to produce good pictures without authors?"

Beauty was not to be outnumbered by brains, for beauty and brains popped up between the brains as flowers in a garden patch. The Queen of Sheba, in the personage of Betty Blythe, regal and enthroned, held sway over the conversation. Miss Corinne Griffith, piquant as a daisy, was a bright spot of decoration. There was a time when the writer thought one of the daffodils in the centerpiece had come to life, but after investigation, discovered it to be Miss Mae Murray, golden and bright as sunshine, beside the childish woman who looked like Oliver Twist, but was Anita Loos, known to her servants as Mrs. John Emerson, and called in the industry the mother of snappy titles.

Rita Weinman looked wondrous rare, and so did Mrs. Louella Parsons of the *Morning Telegraph*. Constance Talmadge was much too impudent-looking to be sitting between William Randolph Hearst and Albert D. Lasker, but they seemed to like it.

This assemblage was amalgamated for the purpose of declaring war and peace. It is possible that with all the speeches that were made, nobody realized it, but a survey of their texts will reveal powerful words.

The Hon. Will H. Hays, in his address said:

"The motion picture industry accepts the challenge in the demand of the American people

for the highest quality of art and interest in its entertainment.

"The industry accepts the challenge in the demand of the American youth that its pictures shall give to them the right kind of entertainment and instruction.

"We accept the challenge in the righteous demand of the American mother that the entertainment and amusement of that youth be worthy of their value as the most potent factor in the country's future."

Secretary Davis mentioned: "Mr. Hays will lead the fight of the motion picture industry, and the motion picture industry will be respected just as the Republican party was respected after he reorganized it."

Arthur Brisbane, without whose editorial few breakfasts would be complete, in relating to censorship, stated: "Everything that is wrong should be fought." He continued:

"I recommend to Mr. Hays a piece of prose written in 1644. It was a plea to the British Parliament written by John Milton and was against the law which required all writers to submit everything they wrote to censorship and then file a copy of it in the Stationers' Hall before they could print it. . . . Milton told the British Parliament, which was an intelligent Parliament, that it ought to be ashamed of such a law, and he printed his work."

Rising to his physical stalagmite height, William Randolph Hearst drawled calmly as a river, in pure reason:

"I was in Chicago and I saw Mr. Hays take a down-and-out party—I will mention no name—and brace it up and get it a brand new, hand-me-down, ready-made, ready-to-wear set of principles and get it the best job in the country.

"No, my friends, it seems to me that successfully managing a big industry is not so different from managing a big party. All he has to do for us is to bring us together, brace us up, get us a good set of principles, high ideals and a proper regard for the requirements of the public and then lead us to equal success.

"There has been a great deal of criticism of the

moving picture industry, most of it outrageously unjust and unwarranted; but I have found in a long and varied career that criticism of any kind does not do anybody any harm. Unjust criticism makes more friends than it does enemies, and just criticism, if we study it understandingly and open-mindedly, enables us to correct our defects and improve ourselves.

"When a man hears that an actor, writer or director commands a salary of thousands of dollars a week, which it has taken him a lifetime to achieve, it is only natural that he should be subjected to envy.

"But I do not see why anybody should envy the motion picture producer. He does not make any money. I have been in (Continued on page 551)



**WILL H. HAYS** as he appears "on location." Animated by the undying spirit of '76, he has seized the drooping banner of the film industry, and with a ringing "Cheerio, my hearties!" is advancing at the double-quick to meet and conquer the insidious foes of wholesome films



"Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth"

## Why American Valuations?

*Shall Uncle Sam fix both factors of the ad valorem duty—or shall he let foreigners fix one of them?*

ALTHOUGH for short periods from time to time throughout our national history, domestic valuations of imports have prevailed at our custom houses, we have, in the main, been content heretofore to accept foreign valuations. As a result of the Great War, the question has arisen as never before: Has this acceptance of foreign valuations in raising national revenues been wise or unwise? Would Uncle Sam be sensible or otherwise if hereafter he used domestic valuations as the basis for assessing *ad valorem* duties? The question is a reasonable one, to be decided in soberness and good nature. Let us begin by ascertaining the extent of this problem.

Under a protective tariff, non-competing articles—things the like of which we cannot produce economically in this country—are admitted duty-free, unless they are luxuries wanted by people who prefer "imported" goods at any price to domestic goods at a lower price. Such goods constitute our normal importations, and are always more than half of our total importations. They are not included in this question.

Every one who has given serious thought to the subject, including practically every Secretary of the Treasury except Walker, has recommended specific duties whenever practicable. They are usable as to more than half of our competing imports. The question of Valuations has nothing to do with goods the duties on which are specific, and they constitute more than half of our dutiable imports. So the problem of Valuations has to do with less than half of less than half of our total importations.

The amount of *ad valorem* duty to be paid at the custom houses is determined by two things: the assessed value of the goods and the rate of duty on such goods. This rate of duty has always been fixed by Uncle Sam, without the interference of other countries. (Under a trading or "bargaining" system of tariff, sometimes euphemized as Reciprocity, we would let the foreigner have a say even as to that—a very unwise thing for us to do.)

So the question of Valuations narrows down to simply one element affecting less than a quarter of our imports. In its essence the question of Valuations is simply this: Shall Uncle Sam fix both factors of the *ad valorem* duty—the base as well as the rate—or shall he let foreigners fix one of these two factors? It is not a very big part of the whole tariff question, but it involves a principle of vital importance: Shall this nation be, in this matter, wholly independent, or shall it divide its sovereignty, "fifty-fifty," with other nations? Every patriot grave from Lexington to Yorktown cries out to us in vibrant tones: "Preserve what we won." Our heads unite with our hearts in the only answer possible to real Americans.

This is in no sense a party question. Whether one favors a protective tariff or a non-protective tariff, our government should fix both factors of the duty.

### OPPORTUNITY FOR FRAUD IN FOREIGN VALUATIONS

Bobbie Burns reminded us that "If Self the wavering balance shake, it's rarely right adjusted." Many people who would scorn to steal from a neighbor do not hesitate to cheat

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—We are grateful to Hon. James T. McCleary (formerly Representative in Congress from Minnesota), author of "Protection our Proper Permanent Policy," for permission to publish this advance proof of a new and extremely informative chapter in the forthcoming second edition of his monumental treatise upon this most important and perplexing problem of administering certain of the financial resources of the country.

It was our pleasure to present to the readers of the "National Magazine" a careful review of the first edition of this authoritative work in the issue for November, 1921. The second edition is being published by the National Tariff Institute, Washington, D. C.

Uncle Sam by evading the payment of duties at the custom house. "Lead us not into temptation" was a wise recognition of human weakness. It is not peculiar to any nation or to any time. This human weakness is world-wide and age-long. It has always existed and always will exist. Which affords less temptation to fraud on the customs, the fixing of values on imports by foreigners or by our own people? The right answer will go far to help us to a proper solution of the pending problem. "Have faith in America."

There is less of crime by day than by night. Why? Darkness is the cloak of crime, helping to hide it; daylight makes detection easier, and so acts as a deterrent. Where are we more likely to get the truth, from foreigners who are beyond our national control or from our own people who are answerable under our own laws? It is the rule rather than the exception that, under foreign valuations, two invoices are given the buyer, one showing the real price paid, and the other for use at the custom house, the latter being of course much lower and intended "to fool the customs officers." As shown by quotations, under foreign valuations fraud on Uncle Sam has always been rampant.

### WHICH SYSTEM DOES THE IMPORTER PREFER?

As to the dishonest importer, there is no difficulty in answering this question. He naturally prefers the system of valuations that offers the largest opportunities for fraud on Uncle Sam. But how about the honest importers, who are in the majority? Let us see.

It has always been the instinct of the mere merchant, useful as is his function in the social establishment, to wish to have his customers and his producers as far apart as possible. That idea was very old when the Hansards flourished centuries ago. It is a mighty force in the business world today. Why is this the fundamental instinct of the merchant? Because the farther the producer and the consumer can be kept apart, the less they know about each other, the bigger the profits of the middle man.

This instinct has been immensely emphasized since the World War. The destruction in Europe was so awful as to wipe out the accumulations of at least a century. Never before, not even as a result of the mad ambition of Napoleon,

has Europe been set back so far in human progress. She will never catch up to what she would have been but for that devastating curse.

Europe has great needs, but she lacks the ability to meet them. Work is greatly needed, but Europe lacks the capital to do it. Working people, as always when capital is wasted or endangered, are in sore distress. They are glad to work on almost any terms. For the hard-hearted it is a great opportunity for treble profit. Advocates of foreign valuations are not satisfied with even that; they wish four-fold profit. In the first place, they can get their work done in Europe at lower cost than ever, and it can be paid in depreciated money, a double profit to the producer. And the less they have to pay to get their goods into this best market in all the world, the higher their profit. And there are people galore in the United States who want "imported" goods regardless of price, and who are glad to pay fancy prices for anything imported, even when they can get domestic articles of better quality for less money. So they are open to the tremendous temptation of huge profits by buying foreign goods instead of domestic goods. It takes a person of the sturdiest kind of manhood and Americanism to deny himself such opportunities.

### UNPRECEDENTED PROPAGANDA

Elsewhere in this book is quoted from the Washington Times an admirable editorial, "Listen to Suggestions," by Arthur Brisbane, chief editor of the Hearst newspapers, that are published in many cities all over the nation. Here Mr. Hearst is pictured as a fine example of listener. His annual business is given at eighty millions of dollars. He is the sole owner of this unequalled publishing business. He has built it up himself, and is still a comparatively young man. It is certainly a noteworthy achievement. Born an only child, the heir to the Hearst millions, he might have chosen to live a life of ease. But he chose deliberately a life of greatest toil. Probably no one employed by him works as hard or as many hours each day as does Mr. Hearst himself. Doubtless he regards it as one of the least of his achievements that he has multiplied his inheritance many times.

Such a man, with such experiences, might reasonably be expected to cherish as his dearest possession "independence." In the promotion of things in which he really believes, Mr. Hearst is notably generous. An example of this generosity is his recent taking of a whole trainload of Congressmen, at his personal expense, to Canada, to enable them to make first-hand study of the Sales Tax which is working so successfully in the Great Dominion. In his efforts to help our people to an adequate understanding of this fine substitute for certain uneconomic national taxes from which our country is still suffering, even after the move in the right direction that Congress has made, he will succeed because in this he is fundamentally right.

But Mr. Hearst is also a fine example of the old saying, "When he is good, he is very, very good, but when he is bad he is horrid." An example of his being horrid is a recent two-column, full-page length editorial in the Washington Times, an editorial which was probably not written by

Brisbane. It is largely the merest nonsense, but it is about as good as the stuff usually set forth as reasons for continuing the infamous system of foreign valuations. In his efforts to promote this wholly unpatriotic thing, Mr. Hearst will fail because he is wrong—and no one knows this better than he. Why does he lend his great influence to this unhallowed thing? We'll see.

Among the utterances in this miserable editorial are a few sentences that show where the Hearst heart and conscience really lie. Among other things in it are the following: "Protection is a good thing, properly managed. . . . The tariff should protect all legitimate American interests against unfair or impossible European competition. All we Americans want to spend our money with our brothers that produce goods at home, and wherever possible to give the preference to the home product. . . . We want to first labor against starvation competition, whether from the East or the West." That is the real Hearst doctrine. Why does he advocate in the rest of the editorial what would surely help to break down this protection that Hearst really believes in? We'll see later.

Another noteworthy sentence in this foolish editorial is this: "What is said in this newspaper today will be put before the eyes of at least fifteen million voters throughout the United States in other newspapers." How could he be so sure that this matter would reach nearly half of all the American electorate? He could have the say as to only the Hearst publications. Did he mean to intimate that he, through his own newspapers, can reach such a large number? Perhaps. But he probably meant that such sentiments would find expression in all metropolitan newspapers throughout the length and breadth of the land. Did any one ever hear of such unanimity before about anything else? Never. It is altogether too unanimous to be natural. And this brings up the related question, "Why are there so few really unstuttering protectionist editorials in great metropolitan newspapers? Is it because they have changed their minds, or is it because they are all under some mysterious influence that controls them all?" It does not require any marvellous power of insight to understand the situation.

#### WHY THE IMPORTERS ARE SO ANXIOUS FOR FOREIGN VALUATIONS

It is mighty important to the American people to know exactly whose voice they are really listening to. In the best of all books is the story of how blind Isaac was deceived. After investigating as well as he could without sight, he exclaimed, "The hand is the hand of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob!" The newspapers throughout the land are largely run by their owners, who take just pride in the confidence of the people that most of them so deservedly enjoy. But they who are demanding support of this infamous foreign valuations policy are hard taskmasters. Even Hearst, the richest of publishers and one of the most independent of men, dare not disobey their imperative demand. What wonder that other publications, less well financed, bow their head, though the owners groan inwardly at their shame!

What is the chief source of newspaper income? Subscriptions? No one is so poorly informed as to think that. The effort to get subscribers is only a means to an end. What is the end to be

obtained thereby? Advertising. What governs the rates for advertising? The amount and character of circulation. And who are the great advertisers in the metropolitan newspapers? Manufacturers? No, their advertising, except in a few lines, is done largely in trade publications. Who are the real, worth-while advertisers in the great newspapers? Examine any of them anywhere throughout the country. The



**D**URING the 1896 campaign it was the articles, speeches, and addresses of James T. McCleary that did more than those of any one man to stem the free silver tide. He is a forceful and logical speaker. He has also written many text-books that are used in the public schools. He knows how to say things in a clear, lucid, practical, common-sense way, and that is why his influence in national life has been so pronounced. He was secretary for some years of the American Iron and Steel Institute. He has long been recognized as a clear-headed thinker. He has presented in this issue the subject of American Valuations in a way all can understand

advertisers that take half-page, and whole-page, and two-or-more-page advertisements throughout the year are the big stores. Can you guess why the metropolitan newspapers everywhere all over the country are singing the same song about the continuance of this long-used system of foreign valuations? *There is one hand at the organ all over the land. Whose is it?* Unquestionably the voice heard in all the great newspaper offices, the voice that absolutely dictates the editorial policy on this question, is that of the big stores. Read again the story of how blind Isaac was deceived, and think over its application in the case of these foreign valuations.

It is told of the late James Gordon Bennett that a big advertiser once came to him with a demand that he do a certain thing or the said big advertiser would discontinue his advertising. Bennett called for his advertising manager. The storekeeper felt that he had won an easy victory. When the advertising manager arrived, Mr. Bennett said to him, "Remove all advertising of this firm, and never put another advertisement for it into the *Herald*." The pompous adver-

tiser collapsed and begged that his advertising be continued, but Bennett's decision stood. *The advertising is just as important to the store as to the paper.* A little of Bennett's spirit would help the owners of newspapers to get back their self-respect.

#### LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES HAVE FOREIGN FACTORIES

All of the big stores pride themselves on carrying a large line of "imported" goods. Why? Because so many of their best customers demand imported goods and will pay fancy prices for them. What is needed in this connection is a new Declaration of Independence by buyers, a new baptism of the spirit that will say, "No imported goods for me, if I can get domestic goods." A nation-wide outbreak of this Americanism would be mighty wholesome. Why not form clubs with a slogan something like that?

The leaders of this movement for a continuance of foreign valuations have factories in Europe and elsewhere abroad. These factories they are anxious to enlarge. If they could get approval for foreign valuations from the party whose foundation stone is Protection to American Industry, they would have all their manufacturing done abroad. What would be the result to the well-paid American working man? Many of these American producers in Europe and elsewhere feel that certain foolish demands of American organized labor would be avoided if they could have their factories in foreign lands. Can the American working man see his duty to himself and his country in this situation? He should be unequivocally for three things: Ample adequate protection to every American industry; American valuations of imports on which duties are *ad valorem*; and an honest day's work for an honest day's wage. These things are vital to the revival of American prosperity. Whoever tries to tell him anything else is not his friend.

#### WHAT THE SELF-SEEKING IMPORTER FORGETS

Of course, a little real thought would help him wonderfully. When he has obtained his goods, the big part of his business problem remains. *How is he going to sell them?* The Soviets of Russia were in clover so long as the accumulations of the past were available to be stolen. These are now pretty well exhausted and the real problem of the "Rule of the Proletariat" has begun. They are already feeling the pinch that will plague them more and more—and by and by even the dullest will understand the simple old proposition that only by doing honest work and saving part of one's earnings can man or nation progress.

Similarly, so long as the importer has stored wealth, the accumulations of preceding years, to draw on, and there are enough people of wealth who prefer "imported" goods, the importer may get along with his sales. But without the regular employment of American workmen in producing American goods, the masses cannot buy and the rich will soon find themselves poor. Now, as never before in our national history, we need an ample adequate protective tariff for every American industry, wholly controlled by America in the real and abiding interest of her own people. In carrying out our plans for the benefit of the American people, one thing absolutely essential is the permanent policy of unadulterated American valuations.





*"Philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion"*

## The Problem of the Unchurched Millions

*"To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and reimpresed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example"*

STATISTICS, which every person will verify without further investigation from their own personal observations, reveal that sixty-five per cent of the American people are unchurched—that is to say, they are not in any way regular church attendants. They are wanderers and strangers as far as pews in churches are concerned. This is even a shocking revelation to those who do not go to church, for they thought, perhaps, that they were only units of a small fraction, and now they find themselves in the great majority of American people. If this fact is brought home to even the unchurched, his own conscience will impel him to become interested in a movement that will bring himself, as well as others, back to the fold of respectful attention to the duties that he knows he owes to himself and his family.

It is not necessary to discuss all the causes as to why this is so. The fact remains that it is so, and the great work of the day is to remedy this deplorable condition, which has been the source of much concern to every religious denomination in the United States.

The Unitarian thought of the country, which

has been closely identified with the strong individualistic and intellectual development, have launched a campaign that will bring the people into the churches, not so much the church, but to get into the mind of the individual his responsibility to God, which has been shirked because he may not be in entire sympathy with the church. It has been discovered that there are more Unitarians outside the church than inside the church, and that there are many of Unitarian belief that are not contented in church and are yet hungry for some sort of religious brotherhood.

To meet this feeling, on April 11, 1919, exactly one hundred years after Dr. William Ellery Channing in Baltimore gave utterance to the first great declaration of the Unitarian position—the unity and moral perfection of God, the humanity and spiritual leadership of Jesus, and the dignity and worth of human nature—a significant movement in the history of this fellowship was organized in Springfield, Mass.

The leaders in that movement were laymen. They knew that within a few months after the Baltimore sermon more than one hundred churches accepted the Channing point of view. They knew that Thomas Jefferson predicted in 1822 that every young man then living would die a Unitarian. They knew that the author of the Declaration of Independence and apostle of religious and political liberty had been proved a poor prophet, and that from the original nucleus of Unitarian churches less than a normal growth had been maintained.

The first thing these laymen did was to obtain deeds of transfer of their religion, which had been in their wives' names, and assign it to a holding corporation which they organized and control absolutely, and which they called the Unitarian Laymen's League. And the object of this corporation, as they defined it, "shall be to promote the worship of God and the love and service of mankind, in the spirit of Jesus."

Out of this meeting emerged a corporation

which was able to announce as members of its board of directors ex-President, now Chief Justice William H. Taft; Robert Lincoln O'Brien, editor of the *Boston Herald*; Henry D. Sharpe, manufacturer and philanthropist, of Providence, R. I.; Walter H. Trumbull, Jr.,



**ERNEST G. ADAMS**, a Boston broker, a leader in the Unitarian Campaign, known as "The Roosevelt of Religion," says:

"Most religion is based upon the principle of safety first. We dole out church support exactly on the same principle that we figure out how much insurance we have got to pay to save our home in case of fire."

"Religion and patriotism are pretty much the same thing, in this country at least, when we consider the principles for which the Declaration of Independence stands."

"Religion is loyalty and responsibility to God. If a man has that spirit every day in the week he has religion. We need responsibility to God today, not worry about the hereafter."

"Everybody seems to be out today to make a killing, with no real thought of what it will lead to; no thought of what the effect will be on future generations."

"No political, social or economic experiments are needed today to solve the world's troubles. What the world needs is an abiding faith in the brotherhood of man. This is the Unitarian religion."

"My attitude toward churches is this: I am for churches. I think they are the greatest influence for building up this country that ever could be. I never go by a church without wanting to stop and salute."

"The first group of Christians were laymen. We are laymen. We have got to put the trick over."

"We laymen have sat back and left our religion in our wives' names."



**CHARLES H. STRONG**, internationally famous lawyer, secretary of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, and president of the Unitarian Laymen's League





**DR. WILLIAM LAURENCE SULLIVAN** has resigned his ministry at All Souls Church, New York City, to become the first missionary of the Laymen's League to the Unitarian Churches of the United States and Canada

famous Harvard athlete and line coach of recent successful Crimson football teams; William H. Pear, general agent of the Boston Provident Association; William W. McClench, of Springfield, Mass., president of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co.; Chief Justice Arthur P. Rugg of Massachusetts; Charles H. Strong, widely known lawyer of New York City; Robert Winsor, banker, of New York and Boston; and Isaac Sprague, of Wellesley Hills, Mass., banker and real estate operator.

This first board selected Mr. Strong as president of the Laymen's League, and subsequent boards have continued him in that office.

The next step was to recruit an organization to carry out the ambitious program of the League. With Carl B. Wetherell, star of Harvard Dramatic Club and Delta Upsilon productions and the best "Falstaff" Cambridge ever knew, as field secretary, the work was begun. Today Mr. Wetherell represents the League and other Unitarian agencies on the Pacific Coast, with offices in San Francisco. There is also a secretary in the Middle West with offices in Chicago and St. Louis; another in New England and still another who operates from New York City.

At headquarters in Boston is a staff which includes William L. Barnard, secretary of the League, who served in the navy during the war. Two of his assistants also were in the service. Incidentally two of the district secretaries are veterans, one of the aviation service and one of the artillery branch. Here is a group who can put into practice the conviction of the Laymen's League that there is a patriotism of peace as well as of war.

Through the efforts of this staff the membership of the League has been built up in these three years to 12,000, organized in 270 Chapters of the United States and Canada.

Upon this foundation the ambitious leaders conceived a campaign to harness the energy of the entire fellowship, and for the first time in a

century of organized Unitarianism a general financial canvass was undertaken, to obtain "money for a campaign." Mr. Taft became honorary chairman of the committee in charge of this financial canvass, and contributed liberally of time and money. As the active chairman a young Boston broker, Ernest G. Adams, was drafted. Before the canvass was completed Mr. Adams became widely known as "the Roosevelt of Religion."

The enthusiasm of Mr. Taft and Mr. Adams spread rapidly, and embryo Tafts and Adamases sprang up all over the continent. One result of this contagion was that the laymen rose up spontaneously and offered to give their ministers a rest for one Sunday while they endeavored to express from the pulpits the new faith that was



**WILLIAM L. BARNARD**, secretary of the Unitarian Laymen's League. Before the war, a lawyer; during the war a naval officer; since the war an enthusiastic promoter of the patriotism of peace



**ARTHUR L. PALMER**, secretary of the Unitarian Campaign, "The Sagebrush Philosopher"

in them. Laymen's Sunday attracted throngs who came, many of them, to witness an unusual spectacle rather than from any excess of religious spirit. The thing worked, and last November was repeated with increased success.

One result was that those who came to satisfy their curiosity went home to figure how much they could spare from current income for the next five years. When the canvassers had finished their task the subscriptions amounted to \$2,385,425.86. Although payments might be made over a period of five years, more than sixty per cent is now in hand, and the losses thus far, with plenty of time for enthusiasm to wane, have been exactly three one-hundredths of one per cent!

Of the total allotted by a committee which included representatives of the major Unitarian agencies, one-third was assigned to the Laymen's League. There is no tying up this amount as an endowment fund; the League has a program which requires far more than is now available from contributions obtained back in 1920.

The program has two main features. First, there is the work necessary to inspire in local Chapters an intense feeling of loyalty and responsibility to their organization, and through it the larger organization, the Unitarian Church. This is being done. Chapters are lifting the burdens of their ministers everywhere, increasing their salaries and filling them with inspiration by regular church attendance. Second, there is the national advertising program, the institutes for religious education, summer schools for ministers, conventions and conferences for Chapter delegates, and the like.

For two years ministers have been the guests of the League at summer schools. Last year delegates from one hundred Chapters spent two weeks at the Isles of Shoals, New Hampshire, learning how to teach in Sunday Schools. In the fall 232 officers and delegates—all of them business men—from 166 Chapters spent two days in a convention at Narragansett Pier, Rhode

Island. Of this number nine came across the continent from California and two more from British Columbia.

These laymen are out to advertise religion, real religion, not some particular brand of theology. Already they have sent their emissaries over the continent, proving to all who would listen how little of horns and hoofs there is about them and how much of devotion to the simple teachings of Jesus. They have held public meetings in large cities, to which thousands of persons have been attracted, and last fall they violated all Unitarian tradition by holding a series of "protracted meetings" in St. Louis.

The success of that series has resulted in an invitation to the Rev. Dr. William Laurence Sullivan, minister of the oldest Unitarian church in New York City, to become the missionary—the first missionary—of the Laymen's League to the Unitarians and all who are outside any church in the United States and Canada.

Dr. Sullivan has accepted. He is going where duty and opportunity call. There will be no trombone player with him. No temporary tabernacle will be erected for his meetings. No huge collection will be taken for him. Ignoring the complicated teachings about Jesus, Dr. Sullivan will preach the simple gospel as taught by Jesus. His methods will be constructive, not combative.

And what makes these laymen stand up for their faith? How does their church differ from any other?

Here is contrast. The Unitarian method is freedom; generally it has been exerted in a passive sort of way. Insistent upon freedom in

Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Holmes and Hawthorne. Of the seven American Presidents who have been elected to the Hall of Fame, are John Adams, John Quincy Adams and Thomas Jeffer-



**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN**, who left for the world an example of prudence, industry, and frugality seldom equalled by one who rose to such dizzy heights of public fame, was a Unitarian

son, Unitarians, and Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Webster are others in the total of twelve who are classified as statesmen.

Liberal Christianity also claims Horace Mann, "father of the public school," Peter Cooper, Louis Agassiz, Chief Justice John Marshall and Associate Justice Joseph Story of the United States, and two of the seven women, Maria Mitchell, astronomer, and Charlotte Cushman, the famous actress. The Unitarian list would not be complete without mention of William Ellery Channing, to whose Baltimore sermon reference has been made as the beginning of the first era of organized Unitarianism.

But Unitarians of today are not content to carry on in the reflected fame of the famous pioneers of their faith. The Laymen's League, having made possible a successful financial canvass to obtain money for a campaign, is now playing a prominent part in an important feature of that campaign, which is aptly described by the slogan: "Call the Roll of the Living!"

Having raised this money, these same laymen set out to get their brothers into church pews on Sundays. As one of them said, "We got the money, now we are out for numbers; some day we may get religion."

Not basing this plan upon happenstance, they agreed that before you can get a man to join the church it is well to get him in the habit of attending church. Consequently, a church attendance campaign was begun, with a Sunday-by-Sunday record, and within a few months all but ninety-six chapters were compiling accurate church attendance statistics. Considerably more than one-half show gains ranging from two and one-half to 236 per cent!

This work on the part of the laymen dovetailed into the plan for a greater church membership. Last October the movement was started to obtain a twenty-five per cent increase in members in each of the Unitarian churches in the United States and Canada.

Machinery was set up whereby each parish had a local chairman to direct the activities of this "warming up to folks" and to show, particu-

larly to men and women of no church, that Unitarianism means Americanism and that if Americans are big enough to express their own choice in the way they shall be governed they are mentally big enough to do their own religious thinking instead of having it done for them by any superior ecclesiastical body. The membership campaign is being operated on the basis of "every member get a member." It is self-determination to grow.

One outcome of this forward movement will be to have, at Unitarian headquarters, for the first time in the history of the Church, accurate figures of the number of Unitarians in North America. Glorifying in the freedom of their Congregational independence, the old line Unitarians simply didn't believe in "joining the church." This campaign is gauged to bring such "Unitarians"—adherents who have attended services and contributed to the church's support—to the point where they will sign on the dotted line of the church membership book.

No record of the Unitarian awakening should be closed without giving credit where it is due, to the Women's Alliance, which has kept the fires burning in the households of faith while the laymen have been finding themselves.

Arthur L. Palmer, an Omaha, Nebraska, attorney, who has left Blackstone to become one of the leaders in the Unitarian forward movement, tells a story that well illustrates the part which the women have played in the promotion of a faith based on freedom, reason, fellowship and character.

"In the early days," says Mr. Palmer, "my grandfather was one of those pioneer spirits who heard and heeded the admonition of Horace Greeley to 'Go West, young man, and grow up with the country!' He found and followed the trail of Lewis and Clarke up the Missouri river until one morning he landed in the shadow of those historic Council Bluffs, where Abraham Lincoln later stood and, gazing off to the west-



**HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW**, the poet-laureate of America, expressed his conception of Unitarianism when he wrote in his diary, "We have but one life here on earth—we must make that beautiful!"

ward, saw that vision of the great railroad which was to bring together in endless unity the East and West.

"Strange to say, he found there on the frontier a large and populous colony of old time Unitarians. True, these prairie Unitarians were copper colored, with long black hair adorned with eagle feathers. But he knew they must be Unitarians, because they worshipped the one Great Spirit, and because all of the work was done by their Women's Alliance!"

"Call the Roll of the Living!"



**RALPH WALDO EMERSON**, the essayist, poet, and philosopher, found in Unitarianism the spiritual solace his soul craved and the essential elements of belief that his analytical mind could comprehend

religion for themselves, Unitarians have been so tolerant of the other fellow's belief that they would not disturb him even to the extent of telling him of their own religious principles. But the laymen note, with some realization of the possibilities for peril, the decided drift away from organized religion. Hence, they have embarked on a program of spreading their good news. And while they do not welcome nor seek controversy, they do not run from it.

As a result of the votes of the Hall of Fame electors sixty-three tablets are already in place in the colonnade of the memorial library of New York University; of this total twenty-two bear the names of Unitarians.

Especially in the fields of letters and statecraft do these religious liberals stand out pre-eminently. Nine of the fourteen authors who have received election were Unitarians, including Emerson,



*"Behold our homes, these are our realms, no limit to their sway"*

## Creator of the "Home Beautiful" Ideal

*The triumph of Chester I. Campbell, premier exposition manager of America, in his conception that the goal of all of us is the beauty and comforts of home life aglow with the cheer of children*

**D**ID you ever give a "big show" in your back yard when you were young, and charge pins, or maybe even a cent, for admission?

Chester I. Campbell did, and his first venture proved successful above the average. He was just a "born manager."

But there was no silver spoon in the mouth of this Providence lad, and at fifteen he left the grammar school. In a year he had struck his pace and was managing a safety bicycle contest.

Today everyone in the exhibition world knows Chester I. Campbell, for he is the premier of all exposition managers. It almost seems as if the huge Mechanics Building at Boston, where millions of people have tramped the aisles and thousands of exhibitors have vied one with another, is his home. He had charge of all the big war-time expositions, and in that capacity won international fame.

To return to his early life. After concluding the bicycle contest which marked the maturity of his sixteenth year, he tackled a job as clerk in a wholesale grocery store. It was not long before his energies found a larger outlet, and three years were spent with Bradstreet's.

Search your memory and try to picture how things were back in 1902. You didn't have an automobile then, quite probably; in fact, autos in those days were rather dangerous and odd-looking vehicles. Chester Campbell saw the vision of what motor vehicles were to be, and his first auto show was staged in Symphony Hall, Boston, in that year. There followed many other big exposition successes, including textile, shoe and leather, motor boat and Chamber of Commerce shows.

Always there is one reason for the success of this general of exposition armies, who knows what people clamor for, and how to handle crowds. That reason is this: He finds a basis for his ideas and then proceeds to build.

Last year Mr. Campbell developed something unlimited in its scope of new and original ideas in the Home Beautiful Exposition. The heart of life's dreams for the great majority, he knew, was centered about the home. "All the world loves a lover," and lovers lead to homes. The "Home Beautiful" Exposition of 1922, as its predecessor, centers this ideal which is the common bond of all.

Because of the renewed interest in home building, plans were made to accommodate more than a quarter of a million people at the second annual "Home Beautiful" show. Three hundred and fifty leading manufacturers and dealers of building materials, home furnishings, and household appliances arranged for extensive exhibits. Practically every worth-while article for the home early filled all of the five big halls in Mechanics Building.

Lectures on home management and home planning always appeal to the newly-wed couples and those in prospect. Mrs. James J. Storrow, chairman of the Eastern States League, and Manager Campbell enlisted the interest of some of the foremost authorities on domestic science to give daily talks.

One could not fail to be impressed by a conference of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs. All club women, under their president, Mrs. George Minot Baker of Concord,

are taking a vital interest in improving the home and increasing the efficiency of housewives.

In Mr. Campbell's initial Home Beautiful show, the most original idea and in fact the basic theme was the real wedding that occurred. It was the one idea that served to fulfill, in the minds of those homey people who came to see the exhibition, their concept of a "home beautiful." Here the producer had a project that was not merely sentimental, but had attached to it the matter-of-fact considerations identified with the

the courtship romance, and there was a romantic one which started when Miss Ball was a student of Cyrus Dallin, the noted sculptor, two years ago.

But, lest we forget!

A baby show with more than eight hundred babies—the pride of Boston's Babyland—competing for one hundred and fifty prizes offered to the youngsters judged to be the best in the class—what an attraction! Contests to find the most beautiful baby, the fattest baby, the smallest baby, the most strenuous baby, and the best twins in Greater Boston, capped by a crowning event, the Campbell Kiddies Costume Carnival, could not fail to arouse intense interest.

Work performed by hundreds of disabled war veterans in vocational training under the United States Veterans Bureau, included not only the work performed by blind, limbless, and shell-shocked war veterans, but actual demonstration by veterans to show how they are being trained in the arts of fur making, photography, architectural drawing, furniture making, sign painting, designing, art work, celluloid, auto painting, typewriter repairing, vulcanizing, textile designing, and cloth weaving.

And then the six-room bungalow, completely furnished! Each room made ready for occupancy by a different decorator and home furnisher, the whole makes up the home beautiful.

The place chosen for the great show dates back to the stirring times of Paul Revere. There were great minds in those days of the Revolution, and there have been great minds in this marvellous nation of ours ever since. America has always been a country of men who did big things. The grand installation in Mechanics Building might be called literally prodigious. By the same token, its directing mind may be acclaimed a prodigy.

The second Home Beautiful Exposition is the climax to all the great expositions which have been held under the direction of Chester I. Campbell.



CHESTER I. CAMPBELL

**THE "Home Beautiful" Exposition of 1922 is the climax of a long series of successful exhibitions under the management of Chester I. Campbell**

event, which proved to be the very practical thing for a crowd that came to be entertained. For hours the crowd stood and waited to witness the nuptial ceremony performed on the great stage in a bower of bridal flowers. The lights flashed on as the strains from "Lohengrin" began, and when the words were spoken amid the hush and solemnity of a church, the crashing symphonies of Mendelssohn's wedding march sent them on their way, saluted by the cheers of the multitude. This real life drama made such a hit that other prospective brides came blushing forward to offer themselves at the spotlight altar for the most blessed "sacrifice."

It was to show married folks, in a thousand ways, how to "live happily ever after" that this great domestic show was instituted. So well was the event achieved that it was made a permanent feature of the exposition.

Miss Meriam E. Ball of Swampscott, Massachusetts, and Mr. Russell Babcock Palmer of Utica, New York, the *dramatis personae* in the marriage ceremony of 1922, will not soon be forgotten by the thousands of exposition fans. The former is a prominent young sculptress and a member of the Society of Arts and Crafts. No wedding would be complete without the spell of

## Edwin Upton Curtis

*Continued from page 536*

After that the strike and then the riots, and then the state and city lined up by his side, and Massachusetts sent a thrill across the continent because at last a man was found with honest fearlessness and vision, who dared to give the order to attack and would not beat retreat.

It was the strategy of a great general, and for this Ned Curtis merits the eternal gratitude of Massachusetts and of the United States. How firmly he resisted pressure to take deserters back; how patiently and calmly day by day he built up a new force almost from nothing till now the city's guard is a police with finer spirit than any other in the world—this we all know. He served the city and in serving it held back the rising tide of anarchy which threatened the United States. We shall be niggardly in gratitude if we forget—for no man in the history of the Commonwealth has more deserved a monument as a perpetual inspiration than this courteous, loving, fearless and unselfish gentleman.



*"All the horizons of the world are luminous"*

## In the Presence of Abdul Baha

*A visit to the prison home of the Persian Prophet in 1906. A later glimpse of the last glorious days of the great teacher, who passed to the Supreme World while the five continents rejoiced at the triumphs of the Washington Conference which had received his blessing while yet he lived among us*

By HARLAN OBER

WHAT is that something within us that we want others to be conscious of—which enriches us in the giving or expressing? Indefinable, and yet as real as a jewel in the hand, all-pervading and evident as sunlight. There is no exact date of its beginning, and there can be no conception of its ending.

Coincident with the ideals revealed in the World's Parliament of Religion at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, there is a more or less definite record of individuals consciously or unconsciously embracing a world thought that is today enveloping all mankind.

My first conscious knowledge of Abdul Baha was in 1905. A year later with a business friend I started on a pilgrimage to the ancient town of Acca, known as Ptolemais in Biblical times, and later associated with the stirring scenes of the crusades and Richard the Lion-Hearted. It was here also that Napoleon met his first Waterloo, when he failed to capture Acca, and ended ingloriously his Oriental campaign.

Events of today, and especially the consummation of a practical peace program in the Washington Conference, where nine nations controlling the war power of the world unanimously agreed upon peace ideals, brought vividly to mind the words of the universal prophet and teacher of Persia, Abdul Baha. He proclaimed in 1912 in Cincinnati, the home of President Taft, that because of America's freedom from the entanglements of the Old World, and because of its remarkable spirit of investigation and the freedom of the people, the banner of enduring peace would be upraised from the center of this continent. "When the summons to international peace is raised by America," said he, "all the rest of the world will cry, 'Yes, we accept.'" This followed the prophecy of Abdul Baha in San Francisco in 1912, that the world was on the verge of a great catastrophe, that Europe in reality had become an arsenal, that a tiny spark in the Balkans would start a world-consuming fire.

Today the ether is vibrating with the messages of man which have established the validity of the universe. On the very day that Samuel F. B. Morse, in his magic code, now a language universal of dots and dashes translating messages from the skies, sent his first message, Abdul Baha was born in a Persian village. It was May 23, 1844, seventy-eight years ago.

The first message flashed over a telegraph wire, contained the magic words from the Bible, "What hath God wrought," also fulfilling the ancient prophecy: "In that day the lightning shall say to the lightning, What hath God wrought."

What a succession of modern miracles have come to pass in the three-score-and-ten-and-eight years since that fateful day when the bolts of Jove were vocalized for man. With the practical application of radio utilizing the material ether and Hertzian waves cutting the strands of wire which heretofore held electrical communication captive, comes this even larger and more potential world discovery of a spiritual relationship and means of communication that has been truly called the Sunlight of the Soul.

Who would even dare to prophecy what the future holds in store for man?

This is a story about a remarkable movement. Arising in the Orient, it has already spread throughout the world. Its aim is to unite the peoples of the East and West, bringing to the East the science and knowledge of the West, and to the West the spiritual ideals of the East, where all the great teachers and prophets have lived.

It looks to America as a country of great destiny, as the herald of a new civilization in which the ideals of unity and brotherhood will be completely realized.

Mr. Ober became interested in the teachings of Abdul Baha just after his graduation from Harvard. He has made two trips to the home of the Persian prophet-teacher in the Holy Land.

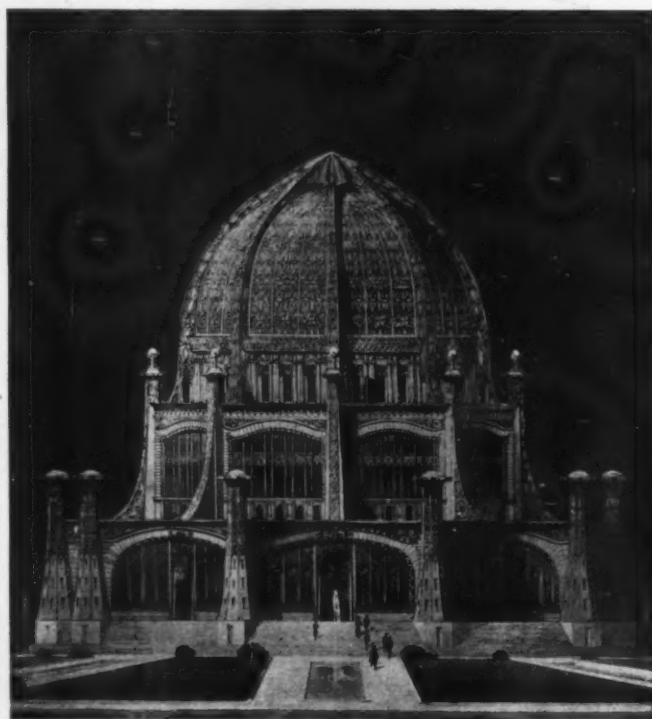
Abdul Baha has said, "When that wireless telegraphy of the consciousness is established and communication is realized it will be like the communion between the mind and the heart. Think what wonderful unity is between these two human organisms. It is uninterrupted. The communication between the heart and the mind is continual, uninterrupted, and noiseless. But what a great knowledge it has; although it is voiceless its voice fills the whole world. Wireless telegraphy is good, is perfect, for wireless telegraphy consists of the vibrations of the air, which is the medium of the message from one place to another, but the other wireless telegraphy is realized through the vibrations of the love of God."

On the anniversary month in which is commemorated a birth in Bethlehem I first looked upon the blue dawn of Acca. There resided Abdul Baha, who had been held a prisoner first by Persians and later by the Turks from the time he was nine years of age. He had been exiled and imprisoned with his father because of the breadth of his teachings regarding the unity of mankind, which had aroused the opposition of the despotic forces of the old order. He had known the stench

of prisons from Bagdad to Constantinople, and for two years of his long imprisonment was held captive in the morgue of the prison in Acca, where were brought the bodies of his fellow prisoners who had succumbed to harsh treatment or disease.

While the spirits of others were broken by their years of captivity this remarkable man overcame every difficulty and always commanded respect. All who looked upon him, whether governor, warden, or fellow prisoner, instinctively arose in his presence, a mark of respect to a personality possessing more than earthly power.

My friend and I were virtually smuggled in to his presence. His devoted followers had arranged for us to visit the great teacher, making the journey in a closed carriage. Two days before we had landed at Jaffa, where Jonah and Simon the tanner had made Biblical history. We traveled sixty miles up the irregular coast from which ancient ruins jutted out, reminders of the glory of the early days of the Christian era. Tribes of Bedouins living in their dark-skinned tents dotted the hills, looking after their flocks in



THE MASHREQ, UL AZKAR OR UNIVERSAL TEMPLE, being erected at Wilmette, near Chicago. When completed, with its social accessory buildings, such as schools, hospitals, home for the aged, it will express the Bahai ideal of worship and practical service to humanity. Its doors will be flung open to all the people of the world. Surrounding the great central room of this first universal house of worship in the West are nine smaller rooms for the use of the followers of each of the religious groups of the world, who are free to worship God in accordance with their own ideas. The nine-sided figure is symbolical of the unity of all religions. In the decoration of the Temple, all the symbols of the past civilizations are interwoven and blended.

the same old way in which Abraham ruled his pastoral legions.

After sunset, we left the historic port of Haifa, leaving behind the protecting shadows of Mt. Carmel, the Mountain of God, and the cave of Elijah. We were compelled to evade the eyes of the curious and the questions of the Turkish guards, picturesque in their bright red fezzes. Our course took us along the winding coast, fording the inlets of the sea. There was a witchery in the gathering darkness deepened by the drawn curtains of our carriage, which was a fitting setting for our anticipations of the experience to come. Through the curtains we glimpsed the silhouetted forms of camels swinging along, each surmounted by a soldier with spear aloft returning from the plain of Sharon. Following in their wake were files of long-eared donkeys heavily laden, the same patient plodding animals that centuries ago bore Christ and his followers through the gates of Jerusalem midst glad Hosannas and waving palms.

After two hours there loomed up before us the massive walls and gate of Acca. Passing through

two walls, we entered a street so narrow that we could touch both sides with outstretched arms. Suddenly the carriage stopped, and following a whispered conference in a strange tongue, we heard the one word "Welcome"—in English—spoken with a more thrilling effect than we had ever heard before.

Entering a large doorway we were met by a faithful servant with long grey beard, who took our bags, and led us into a large court yard in which were two towering date palms, that seemed to reach up and almost touch the low-hanging stars in the matchless, clear, Oriental sky.

Across the courtyard and up a long flight of stairs we were shown to our room. The furnishings were very plain, the beds of iron and the cushions of seaweed covered with clean white cloth. There it was that we received word that Abdul Baha would come to our room to greet us. In this act was reflected the spirit of humility that characterizes the one who called himself the Servant of God.

Without ceremony and yet as naturally as a

burst of sunshine there appeared before us a man past three score years of age with long white beard, blue eyes, rich-hued skin and the features of the purest Aryan origin. With kindly majesty he greeted us, clad in a simple robe such as has always been worn by the wise men of the Orient. He addressed us in the most extraordinary voice, musical, penetrating, uplifting, with words of welcome spoken in the Persian language that expressed more than any mere language could convey. It was like the embodiment of a blessing, that soothed the soul and radiated the hospitality unsurpassed of the Orient.

The interpreter was kept busy translating the interchange of greetings. Abdul Baha's first consideration was for our comfort, and he expressed with his matchless eyes his happiness that we were fortunate enough to be there at a time when a feast was being prepared for the pilgrims who had come from all parts of the Orient to visit him, some of them travelling on foot for ninety days. The first impressions of the meeting with Abdul Baha will remain a life inspiration. We forgot the fatigue of the journey; all measurement of time itself was lost.

At nine o'clock we gathered with the fifty other pilgrims for the feast. The meal was a wonderful blending of the customs of the East and the West. We were seated at the table in a room about sixty feet long. It was a most remarkable and interesting group of persons—Arabs, Kurds, Persians, and pilgrims from India. Abdul Baha himself served each one a heaping measure of "pilau" made of rice and chicken with vegetables. Persian cooking has been unexcelled in all history.

After everyone was served he began speaking, walking up and down, first along one side of the table and then along the other. He seemed to give each guest all the honors of the occasion. In this upper chamber came to me thoughts of how much it resembled the Last Supper in Jerusalem, as these apostles hung upon the words of the Master who was the servant of all. Many of the guests were called upon by Abdul Baha, and our responses in English must have sounded strange to them, yet the whole occasion was suffused with a wonderful spiritual understanding.

As we left the banquet hall the good-nights were spoken, followed by Abdul Baha's blessing "Khuda hafiz-i-shuma"—may God protect you.

We did not sleep much that night, thinking over the stirring scenes we had witnessed, intensely dramatic in their simplicity and sweetness.

We were awakened by the chanting of the morning prayers. For five days we remained here in the presence of this great spirit whose life influence will go on forever, a combination of majesty and humility. An American, six feet three inches tall, remarked after meeting him that he always felt that he was looking up to this man who measured five and a half feet.

Early in the morning he would leave to bathe the wounds and cheer the sick in the dungeons and hovels of the prison. He was at the time permitted freedom within the walls of the city and everywhere was welcomed as an angel of mercy and friend of the poor and lowly. During these five days we witnessed in physical acts a demonstration of the spiritual power of the teacher Abdul Baha, and of the ideal that is now pervading the world in its human relations, transcending the boundary lines of nations and bringing the peoples of the earth together in a tie of brotherhood and understanding that has been the dream of ages.

We had several private conversations with him, and he sent messages through us to the people of America, and expressed the hope that he might live to see the lands of the new world.

One day he spoke to me and said: "I am like a gardener who has been cultivating the trees and flowers in a certain part of the garden. Suddenly he discovers a beautiful tree in another



**ABDUL BAHÁ, THE "SERVANT OF GOD."** Most of his life he was an exile and a prisoner, but in the midst of trials and persecutions his thoughts burst through the prison walls and stirred the East and the West. His home was the home of happiness, and that happiness was contagious. He lived and taught the universal oneness of all races and all religious creeds, the unity of religion and science and the dawn of a new age of enlightenment and justice.



part of the garden. During my life I have been giving most of my time to the Orient, but now I must give more and more attention to the Occident."

In 1912 in response to the invitations of educators, internationalists, and workers in the cause of peace, and desiring to see the friends who could not undertake the journey to Palestine, he visited America. Universally, he was received with the greatest courtesy and kindness.

One of his first meetings was with the homeless men of the Bowery Mission in New York, and he gave them both spiritual comfort and financial assistance. Throughout his journey he gave generously to churches, settlements and organizations for the general welfare.

We made a second pilgrimage to the Holy Land in 1920. It has been said that Palestine had not changed in two thousand years, but the Palestine

that we saw in 1920 was vibrant with new life and energy. The former prisoner had now become the honored one of Palestine.

In former years his life was attempted many times. Always was he longing for martyrdom. His departure came suddenly. Folding his mantle about him he lay down to his rest so peacefully that those who were near him did not realize that his great spirit had departed.

His life brought to him tributes at his passing from every land and every creed, glorifying his great ideals. The British High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuels, and notable representatives of every religious community, Christians, Mohammedans, Jews, Druses, Buddhists, Hindus, joined in tribute to him.

All reverently joined in the procession up the narrow winding pathway to the tomb on Mount Carmel. He rests in the bosom of The Mountain of God of which he himself has said, "This is a Holy Mountain." All the prophets have

either lived here or taught here or visited this spot.

Perhaps the spirit of Abdul Baha is best expressed by these words from his own lips:

"All the inhabitants of the earth belong to one nativity; they are all members of the human race and divisions of one nation. Differences are caused by superstitions.

"This is a new cycle of human power. All the horizons of the world are luminous, and the world will become indeed as a garden and a paradise. It is the hour of unity of the sons of men, and the drawing together of all races and all classes.

"The gift of God to this enlightened age is the knowledge of the oneness of mankind and of the fundamental oneness of religion. War shall cease between nations, and by the will of God the Most Great Peace shall come; the world will be seen as a new world, and all men will live as brothers."

## ABDUL BAHÁ ON DISARMAMENT AND THE NEW WORLD ORDER

UTTERED IN 1912-1914

"Now the question of disarmament must be put into practice by all the nations and not only by one or two. Consequently, the advocates of peace must strive day and night, so that the individuals of every country may become peace-loving, public opinion may gain a strong and permanent footing, and day by day the army of international peace be increased, complete disarmament be realized and the flag of universal conciliation be waving on the summit of the mountains of the earth."

"A New Era of Divine Consciousness is upon us. The world of humanity is going through a process of transformation. A new era is being developed. The thoughts of human brotherhood are penetrating all re-

gions. New ideals are stirring the depths of hearts and a new spirit of universal consciousness is being profoundly felt by all men."

"In the interior of America there is protection and safety. The first banner of peace will rise here. Know for a certainty that this will come to pass. For man knows the result from the beginning. The result will be that the peace which you have here among your people will, from here, be spread to other regions."

"Once the Parliament of Man is established and its constituent parts organized, the governments of the world having entered into a covenant of eternal friendship will have no need of keeping large standing

armies and navies. A few battalions to preserve internal order, and an international police to keep the highways of the seas clear, are all that will be necessary. Then these huge sums will be diverted to other more useful channels, pauperism will disappear, knowledge will increase, the victories of peace will be sung by poets and bards, knowledge will improve the conditions and mankind will be rocked in the cradle of felicity and bliss. Then, whether a government is constitutional or republican, hereditary monarchy or democratic, the rulers will devote their time to the prosperity of their nations, the legislation of just and sane laws and the fostering of closer and more amicable relations with their neighbors."

## Hays Leads Film Industry to War

Continued from page 546

it for five years, and all the money that I have been able to make out of newspapers I have sunk in motion pictures. I feel like the racing-man who was asked if there was any money in horse-racing and who replied: 'Sure, all my money.' When any body asks me if there is any money in motion pictures, I say: 'You bet your life! All mine!'

It may be added that Mr. Brisbane publicly confided that since Mr. Hearst has gone into motion pictures, he has been unable to raise the salaries of his newspaper staff

"Mr. Hays," Mr. Hearst asserted, "can put the industry as a whole on a sounder basis. He can unite, he can inspire, he can give us cohesion, and he can give us strength, confidence in our leader, confidence in ourselves, and confidence in the greatness and worthiness and public service of our enterprise."

The eyes that blinked brightly in the head of the little man who receded from the crowd "to hear the better, my dear," were Adolph Zukor's. As he listened, they glistened. He was attentive as a mouse. He was finally called upon to speak. He concluded his address to Mr. Hays: "You will not permit our enemies to malign us on account of the actions of any individual. We are not going to be discouraged by criticism, for that will only help us to do better in the future."

John Emerson is not old, nor does he look old, but he impels the impulse to call him "father." He is like a great big daddy (and his stature is not big) who would cuddle anyone in need of advice under his wing. As he spoke he slammed his hands on the table emphatically. The am-

plifier changed his voice beyond his wife's recognition. His spectacles tossed to and fro, swinging at the end of their black ribbon. Mr. Emerson remarked:

"I think it is pretty generally agreed that the movies need something. We don't know just what that something is, but we hope it is Will Hays."

"A few weeks ago a new association was formed, called the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. Mr. Hays was elected President of this association, and as I understand it, is to be given very broad and far reaching powers."

"If these gentlemen, with Mr. Hays at their head will, as I firmly believe they can, make realities of the ideas and ideals expressed in this charter, then we all should certainly, as one man, arise and call them blessed."

The occasion was enlivened with a greeting from the White House. Mr. Emerson quoted President Harding's statement of January 14th. His approval reads:

"If the arrangement proves to be, when the details are worked out, what it seems to be, I cannot well interpose any objection to Mr. Hays retiring from the Cabinet to take up a work so important. It is too great an opportunity for a helpful public service for him to refuse. I shall be more than sorry to have him retire from the Cabinet, where he has already made so fine a record, but we have agreed to look upon the situation from the broadest viewpoint and seek the highest public good."

The man so unrestrainedly discussed feels

keenly his responsibility as a public benefactor. If he ever was a jolly man, it has sobered him considerably. His avowal is:

"From him to whom much is given much is required. The potentialities of the motion picture as a source of amusement, which is necessary, and as a moral influence and educational factor are limitless."

"If this is so, and it is undeniable, then just as that opportunity is great, so in like measure is the responsibility. That responsibility is accepted. Our association is dedicated to the aid of the industry in the discharge of these obligations. It is a task that commands the best efforts of everyone."

"With an appreciation of this industry's importance in the business world and a full knowledge of its own great future, yet in that spirit of humility which recognizes difficulties and limitations, this association takes up its work in the confidence born of the knowledge of its own earnest purpose and with the conviction that we will have the sympathy and co-operation of all those connected in any way within the industry itself and the co-operation and sympathy of the public whose servant the industry is."

When Mr. Hays gaunt, thin, with long hands like Lincoln's, rose to speak in the dawning morning hours, the avid audience jumped to its feet and remained standing throughout the address. I saw one producer, Harry Rapf, who has purchased "Brass" and "Main Street" for screen metamorphosis, on the conclusion of Mr. Hays' oration, run to embrace his partner, Harry Warner, of Warner (Continued on page 571)



*"Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded way  
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today!"*

## Artistic Temper and "Temperament"

*The public has always granted that the artist must be given special consideration and handled with gloves, so to speak*

TEMPERAMENT," that word that is so much abused with the strongest of us, loses a great deal of its romantic flavor in the impersonal analysis a business man tenders it. There is very little of the fantastical conception left after A. H. Handley, manager of musical artists in Boston, has rendered his theorem.

This analyst says, "Temperament is but a chronic disease with some. With others, an imaginary ailment.

"In my work of managing concert artists and the like," he says, "I have had occasion to lose a great deal of illusions with regard to the ingredients which make up 'artistic temperament.' Personally I think in most cases it is nothing but temper, and a large percentage of that. In a number of other cases it is but a release of the ego.

"The road on which the artist burns up oil and gas has been made smooth by traditions the public themselves have inaugurated. It has always granted that the artist must be given especial consideration, especial indulgences, and must be handled with gloves, so to speak. It has looked upon the artist hitherto much as they look upon a crystal-gazer or a three-legged man, or The Miracle Man. Why, it is hard to tell. Probably for the same reason that it has made it imperative Paderewski and Percy Grainger wear their hair long and wavy. The public loves to be hoodwinked—that is as near as I can get to a reason.

"On the other hand, I have been privileged to earn that there were many artists who have not been accredited with their due of common sense, a result probably due to their many idiosyncrasies which the public gobble up greedily.

"A staid banker might own fully as much 'temperament' as John McCormack. Yet his refusal to extend a loan to another business friend would undoubtedly invite on his head all the wrath of the gods, whereas were this same business friend to approach John McCormack on a like matter and be 'turned down' as abruptly, he would doubtless attribute his last failure to 'raise' a loan to 'artistic temperament' in the singer. The fact that both the banker and John McCormack were afflicted at the psychological moment of this man's visit with one and the same mood does not temper the harsh judgment this man has pronounced upon the banker. The banker is a cold-blooded scamp, while McCormack must be excused—one must deal gently with these 'temperamental people'—no knowing but that he had been trespassing on sacred ground.

"It is true there is something about the artist that could be construed as 'temperament.' Whatever anyone else calls it, the only definition I grant it is 'lack of repression.' If we were fair and called spoiled children 'temperamental,' or vice-versa, if we called artists 'spoiled children,' we should probably arrive at a solution. With the artist, however, a display of 'temperament' is 'charming.' With an elderly stock-broker who has just missed a little three-foot putt and 'let loose,' why, his lack of repression (not 'temperament,' mind you) is horrifying. Yet in both cases it was pure lack of repression that resulted in an 'outburst.'

"The real artist, however, is usually endowed with enough pluck to more than counterbalance 'temperament.' I have known scores of such who have played to 'marble' audiences, who have played under any and all circumstances, favorable or unfavorable, and the majority of them went through the performance in a way that turned even a prejudiced listener into an admirer. Surely everyone will agree it takes real courage to play to an audience in a 'cold' hall, where even water remains frozen during the entire performance.

"As an example of this, I recall a piano recital by George Copeland, given in a New Hampshire city on a night when the thermometer registered



A. H. HANDLEY

*Manager of musical artists, who has become rather disillusioned regarding "artistic temperament," and classes it often in the category of plain "temper"*

below zero—when even to touch the piano keys was exquisite pain. I remember we tried to warm the keys by placing hot-water bottles on the keyboard, but as soon as they were removed, the cold arrived again. Mr. Copeland wore a heavy coat while he played. This alone must have been a serious handicap to him, and yet never had I heard him play with such expression or rhythm. Never did his Debussy sound more atmospheric. Never did his legato seem so sensuous. And how his audience did appreciate him that evening! With him surely the badge of service was a cross and the sign of courage a smile. 'Copy' had the smile all right.

"Still another time, when everything had been arranged for him and all he was required to do was to sit down and play, he left the stage of a

crowded hall because some person in the front part of the audience rattled a program. I had to hunt up the culprit (it was a woman) and ask her to desist!

"On another occasion I have known him to spend six hours traveling in a sled pulled by a lumbering plough horse in order to keep an engagement with a small yet ardent audience of music-lovers. His train had missed a connection at some junction or other.

"We have all heard stories of the sublime Paderewski. I came in contact with him during his last days of concertizing when his mind was so engrossed with the affairs of his own beloved Poland that I wondered how he ever played at all. It seems only yesterday I heard him speak at Symphony Hall, Boston. The concert was a charity affair given to aid the children of Poland.

"The affair was sponsored by those good Bostonians, the Adamowskis—Timothee and Josef. In fact the wife of the latter, known as Madam Szumowska, had established a shop on Boylston Street where Polish goods, trinkets, and many other pieces of bric-a-brac, contributions to the cause by generous Americans of all types, were sold. Through these channels as through the medium of concerts, fairs, etc., hundreds of thousands of dollars were received.

"But to return to Paderewski. At Symphony Hall he talked for nearly an hour. He gave a brief resume of the history of Poland, its position, past, present and future as bearing upon world's affairs. How true were his predictions! What a memory he seemingly had, for dates, facts, and figures rolled from his lips like the rendition of a score of arpeggios played on his Steinway. His voice played among that vast audience with the most musical cadences, superior to any human voice I have ever heard.

"The next time I met him under somewhat different conditions. He was to give a concert in Burlington, Vermont. Up to that particular time, Vermont had never heard Paderewski. Consequently his coming aroused a quasi-panic among the natives in their universal desire to get seats early enough.

"The University of Vermont gave us the use of the gymnasium to function as an auditorium. There were no chairs—I hired chairs from churches, women's clubs, the town's funeral directors, and every conceivable place. We crowded two thousand people into a hall whose ordinary capacity was only two-thirds that number. People came from miles around.

"That night the master played like one inspired, but what an exhibition of 'temperament' we had before the evening had fairly started. A window above the hall was open about six inches near the roof, and although far away from his temporary stage, he claimed he felt a draft. He therefore refused to continue with the program until it had been closed. Nothing else would appease him, so I skipped nimbly enough about to get a ladder and climb up into the eaves of that gymnasium. The trip took me a long time, but I accomplished the desired result after a while.

"I expect some day to be enlightened as to how he ever knew that that window was open. Certainly he could not see it, for in accordance with his regular custom, the (Continued on page 556)

A few pages of gossip about

## Affairs and Folks

Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things

**A** LONG, lean young westerner, wearing a broad-brimmed felt hat and carrying a bulging satchel and battered suitcase, alighted from a surface car "somewhere in Boston" one September evening, ten years ago and asked a cop where to find a certain hotel.

The stranger had just finished a trip by trolley from Green Bay, Wis., to Boston, making the entire distance of about twelve hundred miles by electric railway save for a gap between Hudson, N. Y., and Huntington, Mass.

In June this trolley-tripper will start back to Green Bay from Boston in a motor-car, following the "northwest passage," tracing the ancient trails of the fur-traders and explorers of a century and more ago.

The stranger was flat broke when he reached Boston at the end of a long lap of trolley-riding from Springfield; it was late at night and he knew no more about Boston than he did about Singapore. Despite the curious (to his ears) accent of the Boston policeman he was able to

understand directions and find his hotel . . . and a friend who had preceded him to the city by steam train. They had been travelling, not only for pleasure and education, but with the practical idea of paying expenses across half the continent by placing illustrated lectures on world travels in the movie-theatres at towns between Milwaukee and Boston. The trolley-tripper was advance agent for an experienced globe-trotter who was following him, filling the engagements booked. A call to Honolulu reached the globe-trotter before he arrived at Buffalo and cancelling engagements he pro-

Clay Perry, New England novelist, author of "Heart of Hemlock" and "Roving River"

ceeded by train to Boston to visit relatives before returning to San Francisco and sailing for Hawaii.

The luckless advance-agent, on borrowed capital, returned to Springfield, Mass., grabbed a job as copy-holder on a tri-weekly paper and within a week was a staff reporter on a large daily.

This was Clay Perry, now recognized as one of the rising young novelists of New England, author of "Heart of Hemlock" and "Roving River," stories of the Canadian border, and of many short stories published in the magazines. In his ten years' residence in the Bay State, Clay Perry has extended his newspaper connections to a dozen metropolitan dailies, for which he has

served as Berkshire Hills correspondent and feature writer, making his home in Pittsfield, Mass. His traveling propensities have been more or less submerged in the excitement of raising a family of four children and turning out over thirty tales, of which the majority are vivid pictures of the Great Lakes logging regions, where as a youth he worked among timber-jacks of the spruce and hemlock forests and in the pulp-mills where trees are transformed into paper.

Mr. Perry's first novel, "Heart of Hemlock," published in 1920, is a unique story of the "paper trail," weaving together the romance of the making of paper from wood and a thrilling story of love and adventure, the first novel in that setting it is believed, that has ever been published.

"Roving River," issued last fall, has been hailed as a vivid picture of Canadian border life and the strife between the lumbering and the wood-pulp interests for timber-rights and water-rights. Just now Mr. Perry is completing a third novel and his trip from Boston by the northern route is to be taken in search of material in the Canadian woods and the wilds of northern Michigan and Wisconsin. On the trip Mr. Perry will touch at Ottawa, Canada, journey up the Ottawa River, penetrate the Algonquin national forest, emerge from Ontario at Sault Sainte Marie, visit Mackinac, another of the big depots of the fur-traders of the past century, and descend to Green Bay through the country he lived in as a boy and where he worked as timber-jack and river-rat.

Mr. Perry is now making arrangements, similar to those he made for his trolley-trip east, to make his trip pay for itself. He has evolved the interesting plan of "writing his way across country" through his newspaper and magazine connections and has invented an ingenious collapsible typewriter desk to be adjusted in the front seat of the automobile where he will have his "study" and continue his literary work while en route. A mere matter of four lively children, a dog and fondness for fishing when near a trout-stream will interfere only incidentally with the pursuit of literature.

It is Clay Perry's ambition to follow from Boston to Oregon the route of the intrepid adventurers who journeyed by land and water into the wilderness that stretched beyond the Mississippi, north of the Great Lakes, Superior and Michigan, to the Pacific, the route of Jonathan Carver,

Boston traveler of pre-Revolutionary days and also of the *voyageurs* and *coureur de bois* and "long knives," and trappers of John Jacob Astor, first great American fur-merchant.

### The Beloved "Lady of Yaddo" Leaves a Legacy of Faith and Inspiration

**H**OW fitting it was that Katrina Trask Peabody should have lived to see the triumph of her ideals expressed in that stirring epic, "The Conquering Army," which is to be printed in the NATIONAL in June in full. It contains one hundred and eighty-eight lines of the best verse ever penned on the great subject.

In the sunset of her career, the Lady of Yaddo, who had long been an invalid, realized that the Washington Conference had made "The Conquering Army" a reality. The poem was distributed by many eminent men long before the Conference assembled. It had much to do with crystallizing the spirit before that notable gather-

Continued on page 562



The late Katrina Trask Peabody (the Lady of Yaddo), author of "In the Vanguard" and "The Conquering Army"



**"Foolish Wives," First Bona-Fide Million Dollar Moving Picture Substantiated by Affidavits**

**E**XAGGERATION, so easy to the American who lives and thinks in big things, has been nowhere more extreme than in the world of motion pictures. The enormous cost of a film, or the gigantic salary of a star has stimulated and over-stimulated the movie public until its appetite for figures has become jaded and its belief in the truth of the movie journalist is limited.

Now comes a man, however, whose publicity consists of affidavits, the accuracy of which are beyond question. Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Company, has actually expended \$1,103,376.38 in the production of the stupendous picture, "Foolish Wives." It is the first real million-dollar picture.

June marks the tenth anniversary of Mr. Laemmle's organization of the Universal Film Company and also the sixteenth anniversary of his entrance into the moving picture game.

Thirty-seven years ago he arrived in this country a poor immigrant boy of seventeen. After long, fatiguing hours as an errand boy for a New York drug store he devoted half his nights to the study of English. The din of the city lost its appeal, and he traveled to South Dakota, where for \$4 a month he tackled the fatiguing duties of a farm hand.

A tiny little theatre on Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, which he called the "White House," was his original motion-picture enterprise. This came after he had worked his way up to the position of manager of a clothing house at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and had accumulated a little capital. In 1909 he boldly organized all independent producers into the Imp Company. The battles with the moving picture trust were his making. Step by step he has climbed to the top.

Today, Universal City, one of the most remarkable institutions in the world, devoted exclusively to moving pictures, is a monument to his tenacious energy. The production of the million-dollar photoplay



**C**ARL LAEMMLE came to the United States about thirty-five years ago from Germany. He began his business life in this country as a shipping clerk. Now he is the head of the Universal Film Company, a \$25,000,000 corporation

came as a real missionary work, when pictures, like every other industry, were suffering a slump. Mr. Laemmle considered the million dollars not as so much money spent, but as so much placed in circulation, for hundreds of thousands were out of work. He felt certain that through stimulation of industry better times could be brought back for all. His expenditure has proved both wise and profitable.

**What the Law Lost, Art Gained—Now Everybody is Satisfied and Happy**

**N**OT only is the eye the window of the soul, but the pathway to the mind as well. The picture has always appealed more than the printed word, and that class of men who influence



Photo by courtesy of the American Committee for Devastated France, Inc.

**B**Y our war debt alone, it seems, are we in America reminded that little over three years ago nations were gripping each other's throats and inventing destructive weapons of death in an effort to crush the enemy.

Over here we had no devastated lands to restore, no ruined towns to rebuild, no torn fields to repopulate, no shell holes to fill. But in France things are different. Flanders Field and the other fields of battle do not yet all blossom with poppies.

Back in the autumn of 1918 and the winter of 1919, when refugees were returning to the homes from which they had been driven, girls in the uniform of the Comite Americain pour les Regions Devastees were true angels to the peasant sufferers. Food and clothing were given in the true ministering spirit.

Today the need to restore millions of acres of land to production, and thousands of children to health and vigor still remains, and Miss Ann Morgan, chairman of the Comite, is not leaving the job undone. Lecturing in the universities and colleges of the country, she is enlisting students to do reconstruction work in France and raising a relief fund as well. She is the Florence Nightingale of the World War.



**T**HERE is a little spot near Lexington, Kentucky, which is the center of interest, not only of the immediate vicinity, but of the country at large. It is the home of the greatest race horse in the world, "Man O' War." Star performers in every vocation are frequent visitors at the stables of this thoroughbred star, and not infrequently artists of the stage who are playing at the Lexington theatres make the short trip to see the greatest performer of the four-footed world. Frank J. Sidney, Mrs. Sidney, Miss Lewis, the Cotton Pickers and Miss Henderson, of the vaudeville world, are all ardent admirers of "Man O' War"



their public by means of pictures has ever been powerful.

In the little town of Quincy, Illinois, along about 1900, a boy and his father were arguing about the career the son should follow. To the father, law was the profession of professions. But the boy had always shown a natural talent for expressing himself in pictures, so he finally took up art as his vocation. After the customary apprenticeship, Guido D. Janes joined the staff of the *Philadelphia Times*. He progressed from one position to another, at various times doing cartoon work in Pittsburgh, Pa., Asheville, North Carolina, Knoxville, Tennessee, and other cities. Once in a while he had the usual trouble of putting his pictures across with the editor, but that proved only a minor task to that of convincing Miss Mary Kane Cox, an eastern Tennessee girl, that she should marry a Yankee. Guido D. Janes, however, with the forcefulness born of drawing many strong cartoons, succeeded at both tasks.

Shortly after this he entered the trade paper field, and is now a member of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE art staff as well. While he draws one cartoon Mrs. Janes reads magazines to him and suggests ideas for others, and this enables him to originate over six hundred cartoon ideas per month, and draw eighty cartoons himself. His two little children, a boy and a girl, Mr. Janes says, make life's success well worth battling for.

#### Lawrence Academy at Historic Groton Makes Happy Choice of New Principal

A PERUSAL of the brief, pithy phrases of "Who's Who" discloses little of the real accomplishments of Dr. Howard A. Bridgman, the new principal of the Lawrence Academy at historic Groton. A scholar and a worker, with vision enlarged by wide travel and contact with the people of many nations, Dr. Bridgman, after only a few months in the old "Brazier Mansion" at the Academy, is just a fine choice of the school trustees.

More than a mere scholar, Dr. Bridgman has reared a family of four children, two of whom are now in college. Mrs. Bridgman, herself a woman of unusual character and accomplishments, has a close relationship with him in his work at the Academy.

The new principal at Lawrence graduated from Amherst in 1883; served for a while as principal of Granby High School; then attended Yale Divinity School, where, in 1887, he received his degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

His acquaintance is, perhaps, broader through his years of experience in the journalistic field than through his scholastic accomplishments, for he has ably filled the position of editor-in-chief of the *Congregationalist* for the last ten years. One of his best known books, "New England in the Life of the World," has proved a distinct contribution to the literature of the section of America where liberty was born. The broad and liberal views of Dr. Bridgman, together with his large circle of friends both on this side of the Atlantic and in Europe, augur well for a merited success in his new undertaking. He has revived the ideals of New England educational tradition in an environment altogether inspiring.

#### Does a Stage Favorite Lose Her Pearls—the Press Agent Tells the World

OF all the interesting personalities the ancient institution of the Drama has produced, the one perhaps who has added most to the gaiety of nations is that hard-working and earnest-minded individual, the theatrical press agent. And yet to the average theatregoer he remains somewhat of a mythical and legendary character.

Those lovers of the drama who flock to an opening night are quite familiar with the features of the bored young man in evening clothes who

presides with Jove-like calm in the box office. The more sophisticated have often a bowing acquaintance with the house manager. If their choice of seats runs to the front row of the orchestra, they can almost shake hands with their favorite actor or actress across the footlights. Occasional glimpses can be caught of the saturnine countenance of the stage manager lurking like impending Fate in the wings, and scene shifters and electricians are sometimes seen intent upon their respective duties. By strolling down a dimly-lighted alley to the door marked "stage entrance," they can encounter the fishy and forbidding glare of the stage doorman. All these personages are visible and actual to the gaze—but the press agent is enshrouded with an aura of invisibility, and known by his works alone.

Nevertheless he is a very real and moving force in the dramatic profession. For publicity is like the very breath of life itself to the footlight favorite, and the press agent's sole mission in life is to skillfully provide that intangible but necessary concomitant to actorial eminence. Skillfully is the word to use in this connection. The press agent must be a past master of diplomacy in his dealings with case-hardened city editors, fertile of imagination, alert to detect every changing breeze of public opinion, a prolific producer of veritable fiction that shall attain to all the verisimilitude of sober truth itself—and, moreover, must work like the dickens day and night to keep the snowball of publicity rolling.

Folks, meet Mr. Joseph Anthony DiPesa, the peppiest, most productive, most personable purveyor of publicity in the profession. Most people have but one country to be proud of, but Joe DiPesa has two. Surely the fates were kind in allowing him to be born in sunny Italy, for he was but eight months old when he became an adopted citizen of the great country that an illustrious countryman of his discovered. Joe is fervently proud of his Italian blood, and equally so in his pride of American citizenship—a 100 per cent American in thought, deed and aspirations.

For twenty-eight years he lived in Boston's old historic "North End," where he grew to manhood, imbibing American ideals along with his acquisition of knowledge in the Boston public schools. For awhile he hesitated between the law and art, having both a leaning toward the law and a talent for drawing, but in the end the lure of journalism attracted his youthful fancy and he became a reporter on the Boston daily papers, working on nearly all of them in turn.

Being, in his newspaper salad days, the only Italian-speaking reporter on any American paper in the city, together with his intimate knowledge of people and happenings in the "North End," resulted both in his receiving always more than the usual salary of a reporter and in being assigned to cover many unusual "stories," particularly certain celebrated murder cases that stand out as landmarks in Boston journalistic annals. In the course of his duties in this connection, he was sometimes in danger, and once while investigating a particularly revolting crime he worked

disguised as a laborer with a railroad construction gang where, had his identity been suspected, his life would inevitably have been forfeited.

He represents the Selwyn, Loew and Fox interests in Boston, and is press representative for the Tremont Temple, Somerville Players and Revere Beach. He makes his headquarters at the Selwyn (formerly the Park Square).



JOSEPH A. DI PESA discovered America when he was eight months old. The more he sees of it, the better he likes it, and he's out to tell the world that it's one grand country. Incidentally, he brightens up the corners of staid old Boston in his capacity as press agent for a string of the leading theatres

He is known to thousands of people in and out of the newspaper and theatrical professions, and every one who knows him is his friend. There are some people so essentially lovable in disposition, so eager always to do a kindness, and gifted with such a winning personality that they attract inevitably the friendship and regard of all with whom they come in contact. Joe DiPesa may be classed as one of those peculiarly fortunate individuals.

Rather more than a year ago he, with two associates, began the publication of *The Italian News*, a weekly newspaper printed in English for Americans of Italian descent. This newcomer in Boston journalism, inculcating as it does American ideals first, last, and all the time, has already become a recognized power for progress among that large portion of Boston's respected and honored citizens whose forbears first saw the light in that ancient and romantic land that has given to the world so much of deathless art—so much of matchless poetry and song.

#### A Reminder of "The Good Old Days" of Wool Cards and Spinning Wheels

SHEEP Breeder's Day at the Massachusetts Agricultural College coincided with the visit of the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE one day last month, and consequently the editor just missed getting into a moving picture of the

shearing contest which annually features the Sheep Day program.

Aggie's prize sheep flock received their semi-annual clipping at the hands of shearers gathered from the far-away hill tops of the state. Shearing a sheep is pretty nearly a lost art in the New England states, where sheep raising as a profitable farm enterprise went out with the days of self-sufficient farm life and home-spun wools. An expert shearer, they say at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, is as rare as an old-fashioned country fiddler. But this annual shearing contest is keeping alive a spark of interest in the art of shearing and it draws the professional sheep shearers from the little known towns of the state. The winners in the various contests came from Granville, Blandford, Ashfield and Marblehead, and the man who carried off highest honors and with them the 1922 award of the handsome Earnscliffe trophy came one hundred and twenty miles from Marblehead to compete.

All in all, it was an eventful day for the flock.

Spring clipping time is an event, anyway. And to be clipped by alien hands racing for speed, but cautious lest a telltale blood spot disqualify in the contest, before a curious crowd, with a moving picture clicking in the distance, is very different from the peaceful life of the college flock in their meadow, just at the edge of the Connecticut valley.

It was a raw day with occasional spurts of cold rain, and the sheep didn't like it. First to be judged and pawed over by farm hands, students, college professors and livestock breeders indiscriminately; then to be stripped of a warm



**B**ABE RUTH, idol of the American boy, does not confine his athletic activities entirely to the diamond. The lure of the links at Hot Springs, Arkansas, permeates his six feet of brawn, and he finds real recreation in driving golf balls in true home-run fashion across the hills and dales. Wellington Cross, who was Babe's vaudeville partner during the recent tour, doubles with him on the Arkansas greens as well. It will not be long before the Bambino will be breaking fences again in the Yankee Park at New York at a salary which will make his vaudeville stipend, or any other stipend for that matter, look small indeed.

white fleece and exposed naked to the smiles of spectators and the draughts of spring weather alike isn't conducive to the dignity of the flock.

Furthermore, it was lambing time at the college—that is, the lambs were in full gambol and the bleating ewes were driven up the lane with their vociferous offspring left in the pen. And, most distressing of all, at least to one mild parent, was the permanent loss of a fine ram lamb taken as a prize for the highest scoring by a Sheep Club Boy in the juvenile judging contest. Master Leroy Dickinson was the successful contestant.

The young prize winner is as proud of his purebred ram as ever a prize winner was of anything. It will sire future flocks of quality wool and mutation on the hills above Whately. But Donald Nye and Vernon Bodurtha of Blandford, with their team-mates in the Hampden Country Sheep Club, Edmund Farnham and Durham Webster of Granville, who came down from the hill towns above Springfield to try for the pure-bred ram, will have to wait for another Sheep Day.

High School boys of Springfield and Hadley contested in another judging class for prizes offered by the State Department of Agriculture, Hopkins Academy of Hadley winning the event.

But the shearing was the real spectacle. The machine shearing looks easy. It is a two-man combination: one to turn the crank, very much as the crank of a moving picture camera is operated, and the other at the business end of the instrument, running an exaggerated barber's clipping machine over the protesting sheep, which sits up on its hind legs, looking for all the world like a hot-water bottle. (Continued on page 571)

## Artistic Temper and "Temperament"

Continued from page 552

hall was darkened. As for feeling a draft, that was also physically impossible, due to the 'lay of the land.'

"Anecdotes of this color concerning this artist there are a-plenty. A man who proved himself to be a master musician, not only a great performer at the piano, but a composer and orchestral conductor as well, his colorful abilities were not confined to matters musical alone. He proved himself a great prophet as well, for he predicted the fall of the German mark to a point where 'it would not be worth the paper upon which it was printed,' years before the end of the great war. He also displayed to the world in a remarkable degree his great talent as a statesman and diplomat.

"Paderewski's greatest rival for many years was De Pachmann. This artist toured the United States while 'Paddy,' as the former was sometimes affectionately called, was also here. De Pachmann was scheduled to play at Steinert Hall in Boston one day. When the day of the concert dawned, he complained of not feeling well and wished to be excused from rendering the anticipated program. At the hall, the concert manager looked into a house that was completely 'sold.' Undoubtedly the poor, bereft manager considered himself about 'sold,' too. His plight was not exactly an enviable one.

"At once he was visited by a bright idea. He called on the temperamental artist and said to him: 'Is it not too bad that you cannot play—but never mind, Mr. Paderewski is in town, and we will get him to take your place.'

"De Pachmann played, and played as he never had before, that same day, which goes to show there is more than one way of making good apple cider.

"At another concert and between the numbers, De Pachmann was discussing the probable purpose of the audience when it clamored to call back this artist. He said:

"If it were Paderewski who was playing, they would say it was his art that was bringing him back to the stage after repeated encores; but

with me they merely want to see some more of my antics!

"As a matter of fact, many people are advocates of De Pachmann's pianistic theories and musical processes rather than Paderewski's. It is true withal that De Pachmann is quite full of the 'stage antic,' and that is but putting it mildly.

"Another artist whose idiosyncrasies have supplied many a humorous newspaper staff writer with material is John O'Sullivan, a tenor of the Paris Opera. He is a famous French tenor despite the fact that he owns an Irish name. He was born in Ireland, but educated in and taken to France while very young. There he acquired wonderful French diction, but he never quite lost his 'brogue.' He married a French woman and his children learned French. Truly, it was odd to see those little Irish children running about in perfect Irish fashion and not able to utter a word of their mother tongue.

"O'Sullivan was a member of the Chicago Opera Company for several seasons. At his debut he was acclaimed a wonder and a possible successor to Caruso. But he failed to achieve such an eminence.

"What a difficult man to handle! He was never content without the presence of a full corps of satellites about him. His secretary, valet, accompanist, etc., were all requisites as indispensable as his music. On some occasions he would rush off the stage after a number and swear he would never return. He would complain that he could not sing a note and would never be able to sing another note so long as he lived.

"These tantrums always came at a time when his singing was said to be his best. I have often seen his manager actually threaten him bodily injury before he would consent to return. Inasmuch as this manager stood about six feet two inches in height and weighed considerably more than O'Sullivan, it is not surprising that the latter showed little inclination to resist his manager's 'gentle coaxing.'

"Another 'hair-raising' experience was the

behavior of a famous cantatrice at Manchester, New Hampshire. She arrived at this city in her own private car. The only hall of any size in this New Hampshire's mill-city capital is devoid of a permanent stage, and the temporary stage was rather an improvised affair, I will admit. But how this prima donna 'railed!' Nothing suited the lady. The location of her car did not please, the hall was a 'dump,' the dressing-room not fit for habitation. She was really extreme, and made too much out of little.

"Her audience was a splendid one, and it had paid large sums to hear her. She sang most miserably, and I daresay if she were to return, she would not draw half her fee. This in spite of her reputation.

"Actions on the part of artists such as these, it is easily seen, make it hard for concert managers to book high-priced artists in unmusical cities.

"Before entering the field of musical management as a means of livelihood, I was well trained in business by serving an apprenticeship as secretary to men in various walks of life. Railroad superintendents, steam and electric; shipbuilders and one millionaire shoe manufacturer, so that after prodigious cogitation over the whole experience of 'managing concerts' has led me to believe that business men are fully as temperamental as their musical brothers. Their lives, however, are less in the lime-light, and therefore the public hears little about their private caprices. They do not have newspaper reporters and staff photographers shadow their every footstep, and this makes a vast difference, I aver.

"Truth to tell, I have almost come to believe that concert and theatrical managers are as strange in their behavior as the musician. It would seem as though the most successful person in music, art, medicine, or business, after all, was the one who could dream and make his dreams come true. I deem the personage who can transfer his 'castles in Spain' to his own land deserves a little more than mere obituary mention."



"Jubal . . . the father of all such as handle the harp and organ"—Genesis iv:21

## In the Realm of a Master Organ Builder

*The life-work of Ernest M. Skinner, who has humanized the monarch of musical instruments through its great heart and lungs to pipe the soulful tones that voice human words and emotions*

By JERRY LORENZ

IT is probably less a profanation for being a familiar quotation, that "An organ builder toils in God's factory with human hands!"

At least there is a decided analogy between pipe organ music and "that poetry drifting down from heaven to calm all mankind!" Like the harp, it is an instrument belonging to the angels.

Silver talents can never buy creative works of art. Neither can any musical instrument be gauged in terms of legal tender. It is only for the sake of man's convenience that we buy and sell music and musical instruments with the legal tender that we employ in buying furniture or motor-cars or dress-suits.

The money that will today buy an organ built by Mr. Ernest M. Skinner, would hardly have paid for his labor and genius during the last thirty years. Nothing except the love of doing could have compensated him for the patience and perseverance that sought out every detail included in his organ.

Omitting mention of merit as allied to the

Skinner organ (for according to its gradation, its merit will win the world for itself, and if there is none, there are no embarrassing apologies to make) the reader might well expect to meet in these pages one of the most interesting idealist-realists that modern America has yet produced.

Despite the fact that Mr. Skinner and his work are so closely inter-related as to make it difficult in written treatment thereof to divorce one from the other, the suggestion comes with much force that that is perhaps the principal reason why, in the musical world, Mr. Skinner's prestige today endures.

Gabrilowitch is master of his instrument, but I wonder whether his fingers would move with equal agility and precision over the cylinders of his car, in an effort to locate engine trouble! Whistler was able to say great and immortal things on canvas, but do you think he could have repaired his engine or made things hum in a mechanic's shop?

We are acquainted with that type of artist with whom we confess to a decided feeling of timidity when he expresses a desire to manipulate the tiller of our yacht or the wheel of our Packard. He is an incurable dreamer, whether on land or sea, in public or private. We generally leave him to his dream world.

We know also the other extreme—that practical type who thrives on raw vegetables and who kills inspiration—the skilled workman of no mean value it is true, but a man who does not mix dreams with his work! The two types are independent. The skilled workman has no applause for Pavlowa, Rimsky-Korsakow or a perfectly-voiced Gedecht. Seldom does he resolve into a creative listener at the opera.

The psycho-analyst would, however, upon examination, despair of pronouncing a verdict over the head of Mr. Skinner. If he is essentially the genius, he certainly looks out of place "stoking" his factory furnaces, repairing his thirty-horse-power gas engines, and inspecting water pipes. Hardly work for which an aesthete should display aptitude?

If he is essentially a stoker, he looks out of place conducting tonal experiments on his studio organ.

He is himself, however, master of his entire organ industry, from furnace-room up through his business office, and into his studio.

Probably the name of the town in which Mr. Skinner was born started him off in this direction. An annotation in the name of "Clarion" (Pa.), that suggested an orchestral instrument, which in turn suggested an organ stop and lastly an organ, is not an improbable deduction.

Mr. Skinner was twelve years old when he became a professional "organ-blower."

As he tells it: "I drifted to Taunton, Mass., where an organist—a Mr. French—allowed me to cross the sacred threshold of the organ chamber. I poked around inside, became hypnotized with the labyrinth of mechanism and sound, and began blowing with all my might.

"I 'blew' for several years, each day growing more curious as to the construction of pipes. I used to pry around the mouths of the pipes, and was certain I myself could make them speak as well. So one day I ventured a try, but my pipe refused to speak. I was heavily discouraged, for at that time I of course knew considerably more about the business than I do today. However, I was determined to pursue this fleeing something that so hindered my success, and thus did eventually resolve into an organ-builder, through sheer persistency, if nothing else.

"I was twenty when my father, a concert singer and vocal instructor, took me into an organ factory managed by George H. Ryder in Reading, Mass. Here I worked on pipes and built air castles for three years, at the end of which time I was made head tuner (the only one in the place). I was unable to interest anyone in teaching me how to tune, so I bought a piano hammer and practised at a piano until I had taught myself the knack of 'setting a temperament.' I remember vividly my extreme fondness for instituting systems of tuning, and I eventually did develop systems that are now being used.

"Four years' apprenticeship with Ryder led to a twelve-year term with George S. Hutchins in Boston. With the latter, I developed the knack of building tubular and electric action, but just when I had arrived at that point where I was able to enjoy the privileges of factory manager, technical engineer and a partner of the house, a new management entered to proceed to commercialize the business. I then made my exit.

"All this I considered a sufficiently long enough term of apprenticeship to start me on my own feet, and I accordingly began a humble business in South Boston. Here I actually began to discover something about pipes. I discovered many of them spoke unwillingly, and so I set to work transforming them into easy speaking pipes, practically re-designing entire scales.

"Having always been a close follower of opera and orchestral music, I deplored the fact that some of the finest voices in the orchestra did not exist in the organ. This led to the development of a faculty of combining certain elements in organ pipes (especially in reeds) to produce any result I wished. I finally reproduced practically every orchestral voice, at the same time retaining the traditional organ.

"Often have I been accused of instituting new effects for the sake of novelty. This is an unjust



Ernest M. Skinner, master organ builder



accusation, for every improvement I have made has been made because I felt the need of it. When I heard an orchestral work like Ducas' 'Sorcerer's Apprentice,' it seemed to me a bassoon was an indispensable voice, so I made a bassoon. When I heard Mendelssohn's 'Largo' from the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' I knew that a pipe organ would never be complete without a French horn. Dvorak's 'New World Symphony' made the English horn equally necessary. In Strauss' use of the heckelphone, as employed in 'Salome and Electra,' it became an imperative matter that an organ too, should include this voice!"

Mr. Skinner's greatest hobby has been to give the public those great works produced by a Symphony orchestra, as well as the lighter melodies. He has preserved this thought throughout in building the "orchestrator," i.e., the organ played with the aid of music rolls, and operating much on the order of a player piano. The intricacy of mechanism included in the tracker action necessary to produce music in this way is astounding, and yet there is not the faintest suggestion of mechanical operation evident in its performance. Theoretically, it is an entire orchestra of voices, conducted by an invisible baton.

Mr. Skinner has already completed several hundred rolls for this player. For each roll, approximately ten days of solid work are required, while the production cost of some is as large as that of an orchestral score.

It is easily perceived that the "orchestrator" is a highly desirable instrument, especially when located in places where the expense of upkeep of an orchestra runs into impossible figures. The instrument supplies a use that defies a substitute, for in Conservatories it takes the place of an orchestra, useful in courses in orchestration, while in the small town-hall, where the cost of an orchestra cannot be met, this instrument will again serve in an indispensable capacity. It will reproduce an orchestral score virtually as it is written, with each voice going its own way independently, while others produce all the shimmer and vitality as effected by the instrumentalists.

The greatest value ascribed to the orchestrator is that it possesses independence of all voices, and that it can produce orchestral works in their exact orchestral coloring. Mr. Skinner has included in his idiom all those instruments used in the orchestra which he has himself produced.

In the Skinner organ factories, where, monthly, fifty thousand feet of lumber is cut up for use in organ building, hundreds of the highest-class workmen apply their skill on the construction of pneumatics, wind-sheets, valves, and tubes. Artisans they are of every nationality, race, and age; yet all give one the impression of an intellectual equipment that is entirely foreign to any other workshop.

I was conducted through what seemed to me to be a hopeless state of disorder, although I was told I was mistaken in my surmise. I first heard, before I saw, twelve thirty-two-foot Bombardes being voiced by two workmen. (The Bombarde is a pedal organ pipe which sounds two octaves and four notes below the lowest note of any orchestral instrument). A thick coil of "air conductor" was being applied to the chest at the bottom of the pipe, where the valve and vibratory mechanism was located. This I learned was the "heart" of the pipe—analogue, you see, to the human heart. As the human heart in cases of circulatory disorders is treated with a stethoscope by the family physician, so are these

pipes treated by "air conductors" in making "speaking tests."

With a fearful growling, vibrating sound ringing in my ears—a noise that shook the entire building as it seemed to me, I ascended the stairs where, in separate rooms, "testing boxes" were being put to use. Each compartment specialized in the perfecting of different organ instruments. The brasses were tested in one room, and the reeds in another, the strings in still another. These boxes function only for small pipes, as it is understood a thirty-two or even a sixteen-foot pipe would need the assistance of a derrick to hoist it to the second floor.

Mr. Skinner indeed adopted a vantage point when he "humanized" the pipe organ, in theory as well as in practice. Taken as a co-ordinate whole, he considers it physically emblematic of the human anatomy. The console of the organ is known to him as the brain; the wires are the nerves that carry the impulse to the muscles, (i.e., the pneumatics). The compressed air is the circulating force of life, breathing by means of the bellows (the lungs). Like the human anatomy, the organ is built on a skeleton, known as the supporting frame in organ factories. Organ pipes are naively introduced as "servants of the Master." These latter have bodies, feet, mouths, lips, ears, toes, tongues, beards and voices. What greater stimulus than this novel interpretation of a piece of mechanism is there to aid both the workman and the organist?

Mr. Skinner is not "alarmingly young" any more, but the ability and alertness with which he will descry "torpid" notes in a musical selection, causes one to doubt the truth of that saying that "age brings with it a dimming of the senses." He is constantly striving to improve the tone-quality of his pipes. If at the Symphony he hears a particularly lovely and pleasing voice, he will hasten to his studio organ,

and there conduct another experiment. There tinkering on semi-finished brasses or mixtures, "carving voices" into pine and spruce, he "changes collars" only when his ear has been thoroughly satisfied.

Among some of the voices introduced on the organ by this eminent builder are his French and English horns. On these, even the "lip" is discernible, a triviality you will perhaps say, hardly worth notice, but nevertheless an addition that has helped to make Mr. Skinner's organs distinguished.

Mr. Skinner is known to the musical world as a "fighter," but he fights his competitors with open hands, and wherever and whenever he is aggressive, he is progressive. He has his instrument to back him, and no greater compliment could be paid him than to say "he is the builder of the Skinner organ." Between the flint of competitive opinion and the steel of his progressive fibre, is struck an instrument that is indeed "poetry from Heaven."

There is only one other hobby that will get this organ-builder out of a tempting bed early in the morning and that is speed-boating. Mr. Skinner's racer is rarely idle "down in New Hampshire" in balmy seasons. It is in fact directly responsible for certain annual fits of nervousness evident about its owner, even before Spring has touched the air and rarified it.

A cumulus of much labor, concentrated thought and a life-long succession of experiments, Mr. Skinner's entire career is only another proof that "inspiration is 99 per cent perspiration!" On this trivet—thought, experiment and labor, he has built a reputation for himself that can only be clothed in the tribute more than one eminent organist and authority has bestowed upon him, in speaking of the Skinner organ:

"A truly magnificent organ—a monument to the genius of its builder!"



Studio of the Skinner Organ Company

*"Business is business"—the outworn expression of a passing era*

## The Vital Force of Sentiment in Business

*When Alfred C. Fuller was a jobless boy, eighteen years ago, he caught a glimpse of a higher law of success, based on brotherhood and service. Today there are over four thousand men in his organization, and no outside stockholders*

THE throbbing electric generators of industry would spin on ineffectively without the medium of brushes carefully adjusted to catch the unseen power from revolving armatures and transmit it along the wires.

Fuller brushes, adjusted by the faith of their originator that business can be founded on spiritual factors, like brotherhood, and love, and service, have established contact with a dynamic source of power. It is power based on right, not might, and has spelled unbelievable success.

Today from the president's room of a modern office and factory building which rivals any in New England, Alfred C. Fuller directs a business with sales of over ten million dollars yearly. Five factories are established at Hartford, and there are eight distributing stations in various parts of the United States, and two in Ontario. There are one hundred and eighty-two branches in the various states, Canada, and the West Indies. There is a field force of about thirty-seven hundred men.

At thirty-seven, Mr. Fuller is one of the nation's youngest chief executives. In his sunny office at Hartford, Connecticut, is an atmosphere of calm efficiency. Mr. Fuller is modest and unassuming. He is just your friend. Independently wealthy, his thoughts center about building men, not fortunes.

Outside the office row after row of busy clerks rapidly compute the commissions and bonuses of the hundreds of men he has in the field. Upstairs a school is maintained where new salesmen of the Fuller Brush Company are inculcated with the ideas which have been fundamental in Mr. Fuller's success. Then there are rows of the most modern mechanical and electrical devices for listing and classifying orders and bonuses. A modern printing plant within the building furnishes all printed material. Four- and five-color work is handled easily, and a million postal cards prepared for distribution monthly. This means that practically every home in the United States is visited twice a year by salesmen.

Mr. Fuller is the prophet of a new era. He has revised the time-worn catch-phrase of American industry and now it reads "Sentiment is business."

It seems incredible that eighteen years ago Mr. Fuller was working in a stable. But it's absolutely true. More than that, he lost his job there. This was two years after he came to Boston from Nova Scotia, a big raw-boned farm boy.

The Nova Scotia lad was lucky when he reached Boston. He got a job almost at once as a conductor on the elevated railroad. One day he ambitiously tried to act as motorman in the absence of the regular man. This naive expression of an aspiration toward a higher life being misinterpreted as *lese majeste* by his immediate superior, he lost his job. Then he became a teamster, but not for long. Finally he tried gardening and stable work for a wealthy resident of Somerville, but was discharged because he did not know how to curry the horse properly.

After two years of drifting around Boston in search of an opportunity he seemed pretty much of a failure. Not a down-and-out, however, for he had one big asset—an idea. It was an

idea born of his own unsuccessful efforts to succeed.

He felt the vast gulf between voluntary and forced service. He knew that a man with his soul in his job was worth three or four without. He wanted a feeling of ownership in his work.

Historic Boston Common was a bleak, dreary place for a boy without a job, so Fuller toured the department stores in search of work. He watched the clerks disposing of goods. They seemed to have little interest in making sales and still less knowledge of what they were selling. He knew he could do better. Why, the housewives seemed to know as much about the utensils on sale as the clerks themselves. He felt that a real service could be performed in every household by demonstrating the uses of any article—even a brush. That was it—to sell brushes! After considerable difficulty he secured a place with a small brush company near Boston. The twisted-in-wire brushes, which the company was making, were crude and few in number. As Mr. Fuller covered his daily sales territory he gathered new ideas about brushes from the housewives he met, and many improvements suggested themselves to him.

After a few months he determined to go into business for himself. Investing all of the few dollars at his command in a hand-twisting brush machine that cost fifteen dollars, and a large pair of scissors for trimming, he set up his factory in the cellar of his sister's home at Somerville. Busy days followed—days of sixteen and seventeen hours' work. Every forenoon Fuller went from house to house selling brushes, talking with housewives and making mental notes of what each felt to be an improvement in his article. All afternoon and evening he labored in his "cellar shop" making the articles which he sold during the forenoon. Sixteen or seventeen hours of work each day meant nothing to the lad from the farm, who was now the head of his own establishment.

Before half a year he decided to open a shop at Hartford, Connecticut. Space in a shed cost eleven dollars a month, and the single furnished room nearby, in which he lived, was even less expensive. But before long the profits of this hard-working young man were thirty-five or forty dollars a week. He found himself able to hire a man to make his brushes, spending all of his own time selling and traveling all over the East and Middle Atlantic states.

One new brush after another was added to the list, following the suggestions of the housewives with whom he came in contact. By 1910 he had six men working for him at Hartford and twenty-five agents in the field. The total business done yearly was twenty thousand dollars, which seemed unbelievable to the boy from the Nova Scotia farm. But he had a vision of a future far beyond anything yet attained. It was based on the idea of equal opportunity to every member of the business and due consideration for each person involved in every transaction. A business run on these lines, he felt, must succeed.

In three years the sales had jumped again to seven times what they were in 1910. Then he gathered his growing band of salesmen together. "If we succeed in a big way," he told them, "the honor, prestige and reward will be all yours. We have no outside stockholders and we will have none." Today there are about two hundred



ALFRED C. FULLER has demonstrated a higher law of success in business, based on brotherhood and service. He is only thirty-seven, but there are about four thousand men in his organization



**B**IRTHPLACE of the Fuller Brush Company. The little shed in the rear of 78 Park Street, Hartford, was the original factory, and Mr. Fuller paid \$11 a month rent

men in executive or semi-executive positions, and almost all of them are making from five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Over forty thousand homes are visited daily by the Fuller brush men. Not one of the forty-five different kinds of Fuller brushes is sold over the retail counter. Every sale is made following a demonstration in the home. Brushes for the shower bath, for clothing, hair and personal use, as well as brushes that lighten disagreeable household tasks, are being constantly improved upon. That is a big phase of the Fuller method. Experimentation to fill new public needs is the only way to keep abreast of demand.

Mr. Fuller has thoroughly followed out his profit-sharing policy. Not one share of the stock of the Fuller Brush Company is held by any one not actively connected with the concern. Every cent of profit, therefore, goes back into the hands of those responsible for it. When a man severs relations with the Fuller Brush Company he automatically turns in all of his common stock.

The man who conceived this revolutionary business idea says:

"It is extra production which pays the extra profit. Increasing compensation alone is not the way to develop the highest type of employee. There must be increasing responsibility in the work and a wider range of activity as well. A man must grow.

"The mere fact that a man has money places him in no special class. He must use the talents entrusted him to benefit all. Reputation, men, and equipment are the three fundamental units of a business organization. Without the first two, equipment alone is just so much junk and a liability.

"The Fuller plan was a radical departure from customary business methods. When I first conceived the idea that sentiment in business was not only the Utopian but the most profitable slogan as well, I had to act on pure faith. So far as I could discover no one had been willing to trust to getting returns on such a theory. That co-operation with the employee and service to the public could be made the basis for financial success seemed incredible to those engaged in business at that time.

"Successful employers pointed out truthfully that they had attained their place only by forcing as much work at as low pay as possible from those they employed. But they overlooked a better way. The business formula of co-operation and service was accepted purely on faith. There was no concrete evidence that it would pay any return at all; in fact, the average business man scoffed at it. I knew that interest in one's work was the surest means to secure the large production. It has proved itself a thousand times over.

"Industry as a whole is coming to realize that co-operative relations with the employee are fundamental to business success."

wife a new and easier way to clean the home, and secondly, to sell brushes which will accomplish that purpose.

Criticized for setting an unusual precedent in business dealings with subordinates, he answers soundly that the basis of his success has been merely a proper conception of human value. "No man has ever been overpaid, if you consider what we are paying for," he reminds you.

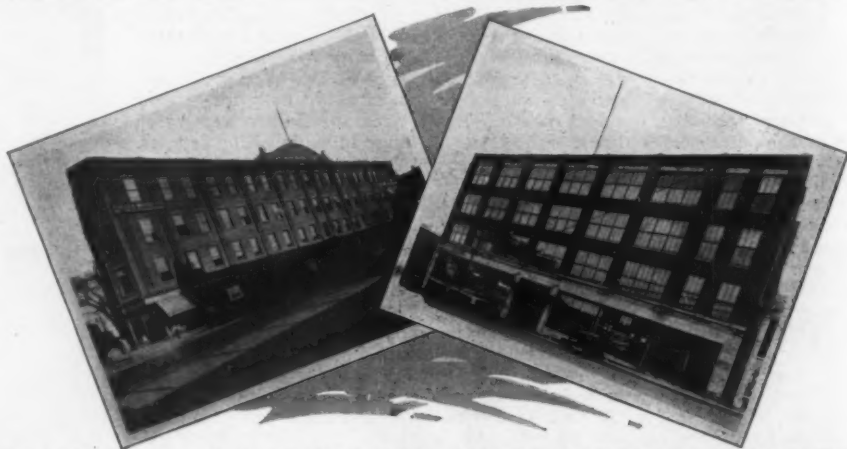
"The most valuable product of any organization is men, and they come cheapest, anywhere from eight hundred dollars up. I say that a man is not a good investment to me unless he is paid five thousand dollars a year."

Every summer hundreds of college students join the Fuller organization, and many are proving to be most successful salesmen.

He has demonstrated that the spirit of love and the essential brotherhood of human beings is not a philosophy for the idealist alone, but the only practical solution for progress in the industrial world. Nations are progressing so rapidly in the discovery of inventions with stupendous destructive power that if proper relations are not established between the employee and his employer, the trustee of funds, the world will meet its own doom. His views are that the greatest asset that any business has is the men and women who work for it. The time is coming when the employer will find it not only unprofitable but absolutely unethical not to manifest just as much interest in his group of workers as in any other phase of his business. Industrial problems can never be settled by conflict and coercion, but the true spirit of love and helpfulness to one another must prevail.

Mr. Fuller was born in Nova Scotia, near the little village of Grand Pre, made famous by Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline." But despite that fact he is a direct descendant of Edward Fuller who was one of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims. After five generations in New England, Nathan Fuller left East Haddam, Connecticut, and emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1756. From here Alfred C. Fuller, the big raw-boned country boy, returned to the United States to seek opportunity in America.

The demonstration of spiritual values in business has become to him a religion in daily practice. He is arranging his work so that he can



**A**T the left is the home plant of the brush division of the Fuller Brush Company, located at Hartford, Connecticut; at the right, the executive offices. In the latter building the most modern electrical and mechanical devices compute the bonuses and commissions of the immense field force

Because Mr. Fuller in the early days of his "cellar factory" proved himself to be a perfect salesman he has been able to surround himself with men the character of whom establishes a hearty welcome in every home which they enter. Their mission, he emphasizes, always is one of service, and their first duty is to tell the house-

spend a considerable portion of each year in preaching the doctrine which has made him so amazingly successful. Only thirty-seven years of age at present, but at the head of a ten-million-dollar-a-year business, he has no greater ambition than to share the reasons for his success with other employers.



# Shackleton's Last Dash for the Antarctic

By LIEUT. CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER, U.S.N.R.F.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, Knight of Polar Romance, is no more. But the "Quest," appropriately named little two-hundred-ton craft, called by Sir Ernest "the tightest vessel that ever ventured into Polar seas," will continue on her perilous voyage of discovery in accordance with the expressed wish of the dead hero.

As for Sir Ernest, he now lies at rest in the diminutive English churchyard at Gryvicken, on South Georgia Island, facing the hostile grey reaches of angry southern seas which lead to the icy barriers surrounding the South Pole. Like Stevenson, he sleeps far from "Blighty."

But, unlike that of the immortal "Tusitala"—the tale-teller—Shackleton's grave will not be sought in pilgrimage by thousands, it lies much too far to the southward, much too far from the beaten path of men and ships. Samoa is warm and hospitable, South Georgia is cold and drear; Samoa is lapped by warm and familiar waters, but South Georgia, remote spot, is beaten and buffeted by the strong wind-driven tides of the South Atlantic. Yet each great soul rests in the Valhalla of its own choice; far from homeland but near to scenes of achievement and last effort. At Gryvicken, little Norwegian whaling town, can be graven with equal grace the lines so often read at Apia:

Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

In line with the thought expressed in that over-ripe maxim, "Many a true word is spoken in jest," I recall my first impression of Sir Ernest's character. When Sir Harry Lauder, just plain "Harry" then, made his first tour of this country he filled an engagement at the rejuvenated Boston Music Hall. There I heard him sing and "blather" about "the Bounding Bounder, bounding over the bounding sea." One line in the monologue was this:

"I'll go ahead an' tell ye how ME and Shackleton the Explorer *nearly* discovered the South Pole. Of course, we didn't find it; but we could 'ave come back an' told ye we'd found it, whether we'd found it or not!"

I laughed with the rest of the audience at the quaintness of Lauder's sarcasm, then I was stung by its directness; for the whole world was ringing with the heroism of Shackleton's conduct during his 1907-1909 Antarctic expedition, and universal sympathy was his because of his failure to reach the South Pole; the hardships of the last ninety-seven miles of the journey across the dreaded ice were too much for human endurance. On the other hand, public opinion was everywhere saturated with disgust at Doctor Cook, American impostor-discoverer of the North Pole, and his fraudulent claims. Like everybody else in the hall, I considered Lauder's lines a "wise crack" at American brag and advertising, and a "slam" at Doctor Cook in particular.

Pondering the witty Scotsman's remark, however, brought home to me the fact that hidden in the fun was a deeper sentiment; in droll contrast character had been recognized, a tribute had been paid to the sense of right and truthfulness, the cheerfulness under defeat, the knightliness, of Ernest Shackleton. It became my good fortune, in later years, to know Shackleton and gain his friendship, and I desire to

emphasize the fact that Lauder's estimate of his character fell far below the high standard to which the heroic voyager attained, and which his own code of honor demanded.

In Selfridge's department store, London, is an "American" barber shop. It has American equipment, at least, even if the attendants are



Photo by the author

Sir Ernest Shackleton standing beside the mid-ship deck house of the "Quest" on August 20, 1921

English, and it has all the "fixings" to remind one of the most up-to-date and expensive New York hotel "tensorial emporium." It has one feature, however, which might well be adopted in bona fide American shops, it has a lady manager. This lady manager, Miss Morris, is charming, witty, efficient, and under her methods of genial leadership and direction Selfridge's Barber Shop has become an institution, an international meeting place, like Simpson's Eating House on the Strand, the Cheshire Cheese on Fleet Street, or Grafton Galleries.

Last summer, Sir Ernest, while in London fitting out for his long trip in the "Quest," visited Selfridge's each morning and indulged in the luxury of a shave and massage, and, too, a dish of repartee a la Morris. I did likewise, I was in London last summer. Because of the fact that good barbers are scarce even in the

best-managed shops, there soon developed a rivalry between Sir Ernest and myself as to which should occupy certain chairs at Selfridge's. It became a matter of early rising on my part, otherwise Sir Ernest would be lolling back in huge satisfaction in the very chair I wanted when I entered the shop. Finally, I had to be out in front of the store before the bugler on the front cornice blew his musical announcement that the doors were opened for business, or Sir Ernest would have "the laugh" on me.

This early morning contact with Sir Ernest gave me a better insight into the character of the man than I would have otherwise gained, as I met him during periods of relaxation when his Celtic wit and good-humor had full play, for during the day he was immersed in seriousness and burdened with details innumerable and exacting. A man's early-morning behavior is said to be an index of his nature. If he is cross and irritable, look out for pettiness or downright unfairness in his dealings with his fellows; but if he is smiling and good-natured, and greets you with pleasantry, mark him as a man of accomplishment and a man possessed of loyalty and a "live and let live" spirit. Of this latter type was Sir Ernest. Yet, no matter how intimate might be one's association with him, no matter how hilarious the fun of the moment, one would never slap Sir Ernest on the back; such heights of familiarity were never reached with him. Not because of undue austerity, mark you, but because of a peculiar feeling of respect for the man which one immediately felt when coming into his presence—he was a man among men, one knew it instinctively.

Sir Ernest Shackleton was born in Ireland in 1874, thus when I last saw him, August 20, 1921, he was forty-seven years old. Not that he looked that old, he did not; he appeared to be not a day older than forty, despite a few streaks of grey hair at the temples. He was not of unusual size, one would rather say average build, yet he looked every inch an athlete, pronouncedly so, even among the group of athletes comprising his Antarctic crew. His carriage was military, one could see the effect of setting-up drill and the definite erectness which denotes habit of command and living in the open air.

While Sir Ernest's sturdy figure was good to look at, his face won instant admiration as that of a highly intellectual and forceful character, with a certain indescribable spirituality resting upon it, softening the sternness about his eyes, a sternness partly due to the lines made by squinting across miles of sun-glistening snow during years in the Antarctic, and partly due to concentrated thought under enormous responsibilities which drew two deep furrows vertically in his brow.

Long exposure to frosty winds had tanned the explorer's face to a deep hue, and that fact, together with somewhat bushy brows, gave one the impression at first sight that his eyes were deep-set. Such was not the case; his features were regular and more unusual because of their refinement and the soul of the man which gave them animation, than for any other reason. But there emanated from this man an influence which was most marked among his associates, an influence which is difficult to define. Perhaps I can



Photo by the author

**G**ROUP on the deck of the "Quest" on August 20, 1921. From left to right: "Jack" Cate, friend of Shackleton and beloved by every aviator and explorer of the British empire; Commander Frank Worsley, lieutenant and intimate friend of Shackleton; Captain Wilkin, marine biologist of the expedition; Captain Philip Buchanan, Royal Air Force; Captain Erichsen, former captain of the "Quest" and gunner of the expedition; Captain Hussey, meteorologist, and Major Carr, aviator for the expedition

best tell what I mean by comparison. There is a type of commander who has a "happy ship" by reason of a good-natured habit of exercising authority but who never secures results beyond the average; and there is that type of commander who not only secures the "happy ship" and the loyalty of his officers and crew, but by the power of example and the light of purpose shining from his very eyes wins the last ounce of strength and the last spark of intelligence his crew may possess and accomplishes the well-nigh impossible. Of this latter type of commander Shackleton was a conspicuous example; his success in Antarctic exploration is sufficient evidence of this fact.

Shackleton, a young man of twenty-seven, was third lieutenant of the British National Antarctic Expedition of 1901; this experience fitted him to be the leader of an expedition in search of the South Pole which he organized in 1906, after the "little voices" he so often mentioned had called him back to the land of everlasting ice. This voyage lasted through 1907, 1908, and 1909; it resulted in the discovery of the South magnetic pole, and placed Shackleton within 97 miles of the South Pole, nearer than any man had ever before been to that long-sought prize. On his return to civilization, Shackleton was knighted for his distinguished services, and was showered with honors by the various geographical and learned societies throughout the world.

Sir Ernest was more than a mere sailor, he was a scientist of unusual brilliance, a graduate of Dulwich College, and his contributions to the geographical and scientific knowledge of the Antarctic are without parallel. Especially in the case of his expedition to the remote South in 1914-1915, is this true. It was during this latter voyage that the heroism of the man and his extraordinary strength of purpose shone in their true light.

After the "Endurance," his ship, was crushed in the ice floes and had drifted for months, helpless and riddled, he sustained the spirits of his companions until a landing was made on the icy wastes of Elephant Island, one of the South Shetlands. Then he made a 750-mile voyage in an open boat to the Falkland Islands for aid. Returning, he endured the most terrific hardships until his stranded crew of twenty-two men were all rescued. This adventure meant the scaling of the frozen heights of South Georgia, a feat never before attempted, and one which was a rare exhibit of courage and physical strength

coupled no doubt with a persistence dogged and never-failing.

In fitting out the "Quest," Sir Ernest attended to every detail. No other ship has ever been so well-equipped for Polar exploration. Every contingency was provided for; scientific instruments, radio apparatus, gyro-compasses and special sounding gear, an airplane, new types of collapsible boats, a steam engine, and sails were installed and carried, and no detail which would add to the completeness of the project or the comfort of the personnel was neglected.

I was invited on board the "Quest" by Sir Ernest and I visited the tiny craft when she laid alongside of St. Katherine's Dock, close to the famous Tower Bridge. I was especially interested in the radio equipment, for it was hoped that the giant rigid airship ZR-2 would be able to start for America at about the same time that the "Quest" left for the South, and we could then maintain radio communication between the two ships while underway. Fate decreed otherwise. I was also interested in the airplane and aeronautical equipment which Sir Ernest had provided to replace the old-fashioned sledge-and-dog method of Polar travel. Surely the scientist is not neglecting the aid which aviation offers.

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In this he saw the working out of the results of war preparations which would, through process of taxation and otherwise, serve to equalize wealth, so-called, but he turned quickly and said:

"That does not mean that we don't gain something at the loss of something else. The old free life of labor and initiative was the great creative force the future looks to, like the conservation of the great things that have been done toward a general distribution of its benefit, but in this distribution it does not mean that there will not be as many discontented with ten



CHARLES M. SCHWAB

*Whose rise from driving mules in the mines to the highest pinnacle of success in the steel industry affords a shining example of the opportunities that await young men of determination and capability in this land of the free and home of the "go-getter"*

dollars a week as there will be with twenty dollars a week, for the ratio of the net amount may be less, and contentment does not always come with increased salaries and increased riches. In future, people will realize that a good deal of this talk about millionaires and wealth has been a paper dream. There has been many a time when I have stood by a working man who was worth a damn sight more than I was in actual dollars and cents, when on the verge of putting through something where I was hazarding all I possessed, all that I might possess for all time.

"This spirit of adventure is not likely to be characteristic of business and industrial development in the future, for you know what happens when things depend on the government for initiative in stirring them up. It is proving to the average man of wealth that (Continued on page 565)





**B**IRTHPLACE of the Fuller Brush Company. The little shed in the rear of 78 Park Street, Hartford, was the original factory, and Mr. Fuller paid \$11 a month rent

men in executive or semi-executive positions, and almost all of them are making from five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Over forty thousand homes are visited daily by the Fuller brush men. Not one of the forty-five different kinds of Fuller brushes is sold over the retail counter. Every sale is made following a demonstration in the home. Brushes for the shower bath, for clothing, hair and personal use, as well as brushes that lighten disagreeable household tasks, are being constantly improved upon. That is a big phase of the Fuller method. Experimentation to fill new public needs is the only way to keep abreast of demand.

Mr. Fuller has thoroughly followed out his profit-sharing policy. Not one share of the stock of the Fuller Brush Company is held by any one not actively connected with the concern. Every cent of profit, therefore, goes back into the hands of those responsible for it. When a man severs relations with the Fuller Brush Company he automatically turns in all of his common stock.

The man who conceived this revolutionary business idea says:

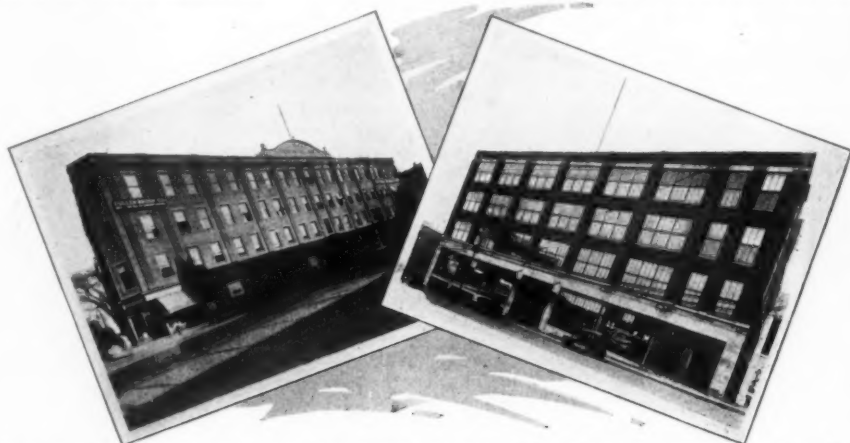
"It is extra production which pays the extra profit. Increasing compensation alone is not the way to develop the highest type of employee. There must be increasing responsibility in the work and a wider range of activity as well. A man must grow.

"The mere fact that a man has money places him in no special class. He must use the talents entrusted him to benefit all. Reputation, men, and equipment are the three fundamental units of a business organization. Without the first two, equipment alone is just so much junk and a liability.

"The Fuller plan was a radical departure from customary business methods. When I first conceived the idea that sentiment in business was not only the Utopian but the most profitable slogan as well, I had to act on pure faith. So far as I could discover no one had been willing to trust to getting returns on such a theory. That co-operation with the employee and service to the public could be made the basis for financial success seemed incredible to those engaged in business at that time.

"Successful employers pointed out truthfully that they had attained their place only by forcing as much work at as low pay as possible from those they employed. But they overlooked a better way. The business formula of co-operation and service was accepted purely on faith. There was no concrete evidence that it would pay any return at all; in fact, the average business man scoffed at it. I knew that interest in one's work was the surest means to secure the large production. It has proved itself a thousand times over.

"Industry as a whole is coming to realize that co-operative relations with the employee are fundamental to business success."



**A**T the left is the home plant of the brush division of the Fuller Brush Company, located at Hartford, Connecticut; at the right, the executive offices. In the latter building the most modern electrical and mechanical devices compute the bonuses and commissions of the immense field force

Because Mr. Fuller in the early days of his "cellar factory" proved himself to be a perfect salesman he has been able to surround himself with men the character of whom establishes a hearty welcome in every home which they enter. Their mission, he emphasizes, always is one of service, and their first duty is to tell the house-

wife a new and easier way to clean the home, and secondly, to sell brushes which will accomplish that purpose.

Criticized for setting an unusual precedent in business dealings with subordinates, he answers soundly that the basis of his success has been merely a proper conception of human value. "No man has ever been overpaid, if you consider what we are paying for," he reminds you.

"The most valuable product of any organization is men, and they come cheapest, anywhere from eight hundred dollars up. I say that a man is not a good investment to me unless he is paid five thousand dollars a year."

Every summer hundreds of college students join the Fuller organization, and many are proving to be most successful salesmen.

He has demonstrated that the spirit of love and the essential brotherhood of human beings is not a philosophy for the idealist alone, but the only practical solution for progress in the industrial world. Nations are progressing so rapidly in the discovery of inventions with stupendous destructive power that if proper relations are not established between the employee and his employer, the trustee of funds, the world will meet its own doom. His views are that the greatest asset that any business has is the men and women who work for it. The time is coming when the employer will find it not only unprofitable but absolutely unethical not to manifest just as much interest in his group of workers as in any other phase of his business. Industrial problems can never be settled by conflict and coercion, but the true spirit of love and helpfulness to one another must prevail.

Mr. Fuller was born in Nova Scotia, near the little village of Grand Pre, made famous by Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline." But despite that fact he is a direct descendant of Edward Fuller who was one of the Mayflower Pilgrims. After five generations in New England, Nathan Fuller left East Haddam, Connecticut, and emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1756. From here Alfred C. Fuller, the big raw-boned country boy, returned to the United States to seek opportunity in America.

The demonstration of spiritual values in business has become to him a religion in daily practice. He is arranging his work so that he can

spend a considerable portion of each year in preaching the doctrine which has made him so amazingly successful. Only thirty-seven years of age at present, but at the head of a ten-million-dollar-a-year business, he has no greater ambition than to share the reasons for his success with other employers.

# Shackleton's Last Dash for the Antarctic

By LIEUT. CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER, U.S.N.R.F.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, Knight of Polar Romance, is no more. But the "Quest," appropriately-named little two-hundred-ton craft, called by Sir Ernest "the tightest vessel that ever ventured into Polar seas," will continue on her perilous voyage of discovery in accordance with the expressed wish of the dead hero.

As for Sir Ernest, he now lies at rest in the diminutive English churchyard at Gryvicken, on South Georgia Island, facing the hostile grey reaches of angry southern seas which lead to the icy barriers surrounding the South Pole. Like Stevenson, he sleeps far from "Blighty."

But, unlike that of the immortal "Tusitala"—the tale-teller—Shackleton's grave will not be sought in pilgrimage by thousands, it lies much too far to the southward, much too far from the beaten path of men and ships. Samoa is warm and hospitable, South Georgia is cold and drear; Samoa is lapped by warm and familiar waters, but South Georgia, remote spot, is beaten and buffeted by the strong wind-driven tides of the South Atlantic. Yet each great soul rests in the Valhalla of its own choice; far from homeland but near to scenes of achievement and last effort. At Gryvicken, little Norwegian whaling town, can be graven with equal grace the lines so often read at Apia:

Glad did I live and gladly die  
And I laid me down with a will.

In line with the thought expressed in that over-ripe maxim, "Many a true word is spoken in jest," I recall my first impression of Sir Ernest's character. When Sir Harry Lauder, just plain "Harry" then, made his first tour of this country he filled an engagement at the rejuvenated Boston Music Hall. There I heard him sing and "blather" about "the Bounding Bounder, bounding over the bounding sea." One line in the monologue was this:

"I'll go ahead an' tell ye how ME and Shackleton the Explorer *nearly* discovered the South Pole. Of course, we didn't find it; but we could 'ave come back an' told ye we'd found it, whether we'd found it or not!"

I laughed with the rest of the audience at the quaintness of Lauder's sarcasm, then I was stung by its directness; for the whole world was ringing with the heroism of Shackleton's conduct during his 1907-1909 Antarctic expedition, and universal sympathy was his because of his failure to reach the South Pole; the hardships of the last ninety-seven miles of the journey across the dreaded ice were too much for human endurance. On the other hand, public opinion was everywhere saturated with disgust at Doctor Cook, American impostor-discoverer of the North Pole, and his fraudulent claims. Like everybody else in the hall, I considered Lauder's lines a "wise crack" at American brag and advertising, and a "slam" at Doctor Cook in particular.

Pondering the witty Scotsman's remark, however, brought home to me the fact that hidden in the fun was a deeper sentiment; in droll contrast character had been recognized, a tribute had been paid to the sense of right and truthfulness, the cheerfulness under defeat, the knightliness, of Ernest Shackleton. It became my good fortune, in later years, to know Shackleton and gain his friendship, and I desire to

emphasize the fact that Lauder's estimate of his character fell far below the high standard to which the heroic voyager attained, and which his own code of honor demanded.

In Selfridge's department store, London, is an "American" barber shop. It has American equipment, at least, even if the attendants are



Photo by the author

Sir Ernest Shackleton standing beside the mid-ship deck house of the "Quest" on August 20, 1921

English, and it has all the "fixings" to remind one of the most up-to-date and expensive New York hotel "tonorial emporium." It has one feature, however, which might well be adopted in *bona fide* American shops, it has a lady manager. This lady manager, Miss Morris, is charming, witty, efficient, and under her methods of genial leadership and direction Selfridge's Barber Shop has become an institution, an international meeting place, like Simpson's Eating House on the Strand, the Cheshire Cheese on Fleet Street, or Grafton Galleries.

Last summer, Sir Ernest, while in London fitting out for his long trip in the "Quest," visited Selfridge's each morning and indulged in the luxury of a shave and massage, and, too, a dish of repartee a la Morris. I did likewise, I was in London last summer. Because of the fact that good barbers are scarce even in the

best-managed shops, there soon developed a rivalry between Sir Ernest and myself as to which should occupy certain chairs at Selfridge's. It became a matter of early rising on my part, otherwise Sir Ernest would be lolling back in huge satisfaction in the very chair I wanted when I entered the shop. Finally, I had to be out in front of the store before the bugler on the front cornice blew his musical announcement that the doors were opened for business, or Sir Ernest would have "the laugh" on me.

This early morning contact with Sir Ernest gave me a better insight into the character of the man than I would have otherwise gained, as I met him during periods of relaxation when his Celtic wit and good-humor had full play, for during the day he was immersed in seriousness and burdened with details innumerable and exacting. A man's early-morning behavior is said to be an index of his nature. If he is cross and irritable, look out for pettiness or downright unfairness in his dealings with his fellows; but if he is smiling and good-natured, and greets you with pleasantry, mark him as a man of accomplishment and a man possessed of loyalty and a "live and let live" spirit. Of this latter type was Sir Ernest. Yet, no matter how intimate might be one's association with him, no matter how hilarious the fun of the moment, one would never slap Sir Ernest on the back; such heights of familiarity were never reached with him. Not because of undue austerity, mark you, but because of a peculiar feeling of respect for the man which one immediately felt when coming into his presence—he was a man among men, one knew it instinctively.

Sir Ernest Shackleton was born in Ireland in 1874, thus when I last saw him, August 20, 1921, he was forty-seven years old. Not that he looked that old, he did not; he appeared to be not a day older than forty, despite a few streaks of grey hair at the temples. He was not of unusual size, one would rather say average build, yet he looked every inch an athlete, pronouncedly so, even among the group of athletes comprising his Antarctic crew. His carriage was military, one could see the effect of setting-up drill and the definite erectness which denotes habit of command and living in the open air.

While Sir Ernest's sturdy figure was good to look at, his face won instant admiration as that of a highly intellectual and forceful character, with a certain indescribable spirituality resting upon it, softening the sternness about his eyes, a sternness partly due to the lines made by squinting across miles of sun-glistening snow during years in the Antarctic, and partly due to concentrated thought under enormous responsibilities which drew two deep furrows vertically in his brow.

Long exposure to frosty winds had tanned the explorer's face to a deep hue, and that fact, together with somewhat bushy brows, gave one the impression at first sight that his eyes were deep-set. Such was not the case; his features were regular and more unusual because of their refinement and the soul of the man which gave them animation, than for any other reason. But there emanated from this man an influence which was most marked among his associates, an influence which is difficult to define. Perhaps I can



Photo by the author

**G**ROUP on the deck of the "Quest" on August 20, 1921. From left to right: "Jack" Cate, friend of Shackleton and beloved by every aviator and explorer of the British empire; Commander Frank Worsley, lieutenant and intimate friend of Shackleton; Captain Wilkin, marine biologist of the expedition; Captain Philip Buchanan, Royal Air Force; Captain Erichsen, former captain of the "Quest" and gunner of the expedition; Captain Hussey, meteorologist, and Major Carr, aviator for the expedition

best tell what I mean by comparison. There is a type of commander who has a "happy ship" by reason of a good-natured habit of exercising authority but who never secures results beyond the average; and there is that type of commander who not only secures the "happy ship" and the loyalty of his officers and crew, but by the power of example and the light of purpose shining from his very eyes wins the last ounce of strength and the last spark of intelligence his crew may possess and accomplishes the well-nigh impossible. Of this latter type of commander Shackleton was a conspicuous example; his success in Antarctic exploration is sufficient evidence of this fact.

Shackleton, a young man of twenty-seven, was third lieutenant of the British National Antarctic Expedition of 1901; this experience fitted him to be the leader of an expedition in search of the South Pole which he organized in 1906, after the "little voices" he so often mentioned had called him back to the land of everlasting ice. This voyage lasted through 1907, 1908, and 1909; it resulted in the discovery of the South magnetic pole, and placed Shackleton within 97 miles of the South Pole, nearer than any man had ever before been to that long-sought prize. On his return to civilization, Shackleton was knighted for his distinguished services, and was showered with honors by the various geographical and learned societies throughout the world.

Sir Ernest was more than a mere sailor, he was a scientist of unusual brilliance, a graduate of Dulwich College, and his contributions to the geographical and scientific knowledge of the Antarctic are without parallel. Especially in the case of his expedition to the remote South in 1914-1915, is this true. It was during this latter voyage that the heroism of the man and his extraordinary strength of purpose shone in their true light.

After the "Endurance," his ship, was crushed in the ice floes and had drifted for months, helpless and riddled, he sustained the spirits of his companions until a landing was made on the icy wastes of Elephant Island, one of the South Shetlands. Then he made a 750-mile voyage in an open boat to the Falkland Islands for aid. Returning, he endured the most terrific hardships until his stranded crew of twenty-two men were all rescued. This adventure meant the scaling of the frozen heights of South Georgia, a feat never before attempted, and one which was a rare exhibit of courage and physical strength

coupled no doubt with a persistence dogged and never-failing.

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"While we are talking about nice things, pleasant things which are sweet as music to hear, let's get together with some suggestions that will push prosperity on."

There he was, in a mass of people in the hotel lobby, appealing to those around him as he did to the workers. In years past he has known what it meant to sell a battleship before breakfast. He sold things in time of peace, and when possessed of a big vision or project, it seems to possess him, and he knows just how far to pursue, to push and then quit, and how to come back again. Three years ago I met him, walking briskly with his eyes keen to right and left, but always with a clear view straight ahead. He made the statement that startled the world with its scope: "This war means that the workers, the men who have the stuff in them, will have opportunities to develop as never before." Through this interview the statement was given which some inferred meant that the wealth of the country was going to the working men—which was true to the extent that they worked and earned it; but in many conversations I discovered a note of interest in the great question of distribution of wealth, and the startling statement constructed from another recent interview was that there would be no more rich men, that the days of the swollen fortunes were past.

In this he saw the working out of the results of war preparations which would, through process of taxation and otherwise, serve to equalize wealth, so-called, but he turned quickly and said:

"That does not mean that we don't gain something at the loss of something else. The old free life of labor and initiative was the great creative force the future looks to, like the conservation of the great things that have been done toward a general distribution of its benefit, but in this distribution it does not mean that there will not be as many discontented with ten



CHARLES M. SCHWAB

*Whose rise from driving mules in the mines to the highest pinnacle of success in the steel industry affords a shining example of the opportunities that await young men of determination and capability in this land of the free and home of the "go-getter"*

dollars a week as there will be with twenty dollars a week, for the ratio of the net amount may be less, and contentment does not always come with increased salaries and increased riches. In future, people will realize that a good deal of this talk about millionaires and wealth has been a paper dream. There has been many a time when I have stood by a working man who was worth a damn sight more than I was in actual dollars and cents, when on the verge of putting through something where I was hazarding all I possessed, all that I might possess for all time.

"This spirit of adventure is not likely to be characteristic of business and industrial development in the future, for you know what happens when things depend on the government for initiative in stirring them up. It is proving to the average man of wealth that (Continued on page 565)

## "The Story of the Esquimau Boy"

ON an April morning in dear old New England, nigh onto approaching Patriot's Day, anniversary of the fateful event on Lexington Green, I alighted from a train after the brakeman proclaimed in thunderous tones, "Clicquot!" It made me chuckle the way he bawled it out without a stutter. Clicquot is a word coined within recent years, and now a part of everyday conversation all over the world—and pronounced *Klee-ko*.

Before me was a scene that brought memories of a previous tour that way. And now to think that Clicquot itself was a full-fledged station on the New Haven railroad.

In 1904 I had left the train at Millis, a mile further on. It was a hot summer day when I found myself at a modest bottling plant over which was the cryptic word "Clicquot"—then as strange as Greek or Latin. The present station followed the birth of this trade mark creation. The very form of the letters in the name were distinctive. When I was able to pronounce the word properly it was a password. I was thrice welcome, and proceeded to try every brand of the product generously offered.

In the plant was the sweet, cleanly, wholesome atmosphere of a New England kitchen, and I felt that here was the beginning of a great enterprise.

History is replete with the stories of the quest of fountains of youth and springs eternal, and here in a bed of New England rock was the purest of pure spring water. Many years ago Mr. Lansing Millis, a wealthy, retired railroad man, had a hobby. That hobby was a gentleman's farm stocked with imported cattle and other thoroughbred live stock. It was his one ambition to raise farm produce for himself and his friends that would be the finest the soil could produce, on his own "Oak Grove Farm." Cider was one of his specialties, but cider could only be made and bottled during a limited season. With an eye to thrift, he utilized the modern bottling machinery when not making cider, to produce ginger ale. It was labeled "Clicquot Club," a sort of a tribute to a French wine of that name, then at the height of popularity. The word "Club" was added with a social thought of his club friends with whom he enjoyed the products of his "farm spa."

The water from which the ginger ale was made proved especially adapted for the purpose. Pure, sparkling, heralding healthfulness in the highest degree, it had the rare quality of being able to hold in solution the ginger ale extract from which Clicquot Club Ginger Ale was made.

The old story of the acre of diamonds lying in his own dooryard was repeated. Mr. Millis found a product in the depths of his farm that later developed its nation and world-wide market. Its source was far beneath the soil he cultivated on the surface, for beneath the farm patterned by quaint picturesque stone walls in a charming landscape, was a gold mine of possibilities.

After Mr. Millis died a company was formed to make Clicquot Club beverages. The drink had already gained local popularity, but within a short time the name "Clicquot" spread and the demand for orders extended to greater distances day by day. First a wholesale grocer in Provi-

dence ordered a shipment; then the wholesalers in Boston began to recognize it as a product of distinctive worth and merit, and soon after the orders followed in carloads—now virtually in trainloads.

Even in that first announcement of Clicquot there was the glow of the home—it started as a household product. The popularity in the club soon radiated from the hearthstone tributes. The large structure supplanting the modest structure of years ago now produces two hundred and seventy thousand bottles a day. There is storage room for one thousand freight carloads, located on fifteen acres of picturesque New England landscape, far away from any houses, a monument to the stability and worthiness of the product. The factory is threaded on either side with side tracks, representing a capacity for shipping forty carloads every day. The daily product, if placed in bottles end to end, would extend forty miles, and a line of bottles could be laid half way around the world from the product of this factory every year.

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale has become a national, non-intoxicating, non-constipating, healthful beverage, with an established food value. "Clicquot" is often prescribed by doctors. One of the largest hospitals in Boston

gives every patient, at 11 A.M., a glass of Clicquot. It is pronounced the best thing the doctor can prescribe after an operation where ether is used. Ginger ale seems to be held on the stomach when other things fail.

Representatives of Clicquot, traveling up and down the land, never tire of singing of the virtues of their product. Like the rock from which this Clicquot springs, the business today is impressive from the standpoint of its stability.

In all the processes of providing beverages to suit the taste and the needs of the thirsty American, nothing has escaped the vigilance of the trained chemists and experts. Long before the enactment of the pure food law, Clicquot was on the market free from the slightest adulteration, and, like Tennyson's brook, "flowed on and on," oblivious of the food department inspections and restrictions—thrice armed because of its justly famed purity.

There is even a distinction in being a Clicquot consumer; a sense of satisfaction when you can go to a store or hotel and know that you have pronounced the name correctly, and have proven that you are an individual of discriminating taste. There is a satisfaction in just going into a drug store and not having to point at the bottle and make signs, but pronounce the word clearly and distinctly with a sense of possession, even before the sale is consummated.

In walking about the Clicquot plant and contrasting the progress of a decade in the ordinary routine, the impulse comes to want others to know more about it. Thereby hangs a tale.

One absorbing phase in the development of a market for Clicquot is the creation of the "Esquimau Boy." He has become a living, breathing personality. His smile has dispelled the gloom of many a grouch. It was a happy day for the world when he was born—even in the realm of Fancy. His cheery greetings partake of more than the mere announcement of Clicquot. In the newspapers and magazines for many years past is revealed the personality of the Esquimau Boy—a counterpart of every boy and girl, for that matter. His appearance in the print is welcome and refreshing either on a summer's day, with its scorching sun, or in the chill of winter. He cools in summer and cheers in winter, always making sunny days enduring. His furs are an armor that radiate and reflect the spirit of the product he represents.

The artist has created in this face and figure a something that suggests Fairyland, and the fairy stories of which children or grown-ups never tire. He is supposed to hail from the "land of snows," and carries a suggestion of being a lineal grandson of the real Santa Claus. In these days of radio and broadcasting, we might even conceive that his cheery tones can be heard in the far off empire of icebergs, where crystal castles with gleaming turrets sparkle in the sun. He may even carry to his forbears a message on ether waves, as Marconi predicted when he said that he would yet be able to talk with a friend at the north pole, or in the deepest caverns, far below even rock beds from whence flow the springs.

Truly the world is drawing closer together. The arctic circle is brought closer to the equatorial tropics. The little cavalier of Esquimau-land dwells in his quiet peaceful valley—one of



The "Esquimau Boy"

the natural gardens of Massachusetts—as immune from the microbes of the city as his brothers far off in their igloo huts in the frigid fields of virgin snow.

Well do I remember in the tropics, looking upon the construction of the great Panama Canal, in critical days, all that it meant to quaff Clicquot after the long day's work, in the quick gathering gloom of the tropic night, or later in the witchery of the moonlight, in the intermission of the ball or social, or in the light of the city.

The Clicquot consumer knows no age or clime. The tiny toddler does not have to be urged. Youth in its activities welcomes a draught as a prize after the vigors of athletics. In the days of romance and courtship, when sweethearts sit before the blazing fire and the lights are low, or in the outdoor thrills of vacation days, the little Esquimau lad is ever there, like Cupid with his darts. He carries his little canteen of sparkling drinks, that have ever been refreshing to the seven ages of man.

The Clicquot charm is a triumph of the law of averages. It is neither too sweet nor too sharp. With the pure spring water carrying Nature's breath is mingled the Jamaica ginger, fruit juices, and cane sugar of the tropics, all blended to suit the tastes of people in every clime.

Every successful business is a magic combination. The first step is making the goods right in the right environment. The second is making them known right to the people at the right time.

The genius of the artist, the writer, the salesman, as well as the artisan and scientist, all blend in Clicquot, the lodestone of the largest ginger ale development in the world.

Within the surrounding grounds of the Clicquot springs, far from the city, the birds come to sing with the leaves and when snow has mantled the landscape as well. All this within the horizoned circle where reigns the Esquimau prince. The wild quail rest upon the snowy roof in winter, with the confidence that not a sparrow falleth here.



Plant of the Clicquot Club Ginger Ale

Through the holiday season the Esquimau boy is ever ready. His is the toast at the Thanksgiving feast. His merry Yuletide greetings were given through the medium of newspapers and magazines last year to millions of people. The story of his life has taken its place among the classic lore of childhood.

How I wish I could just find the words that would tell about the feelings that came to me on this beautiful April day when the buds were beginning to start, the rills of New England beginning their springtime music; when the Easter lilies are abloom and the golden glow of tulip

happiness of youth and the spirit of playfulness that makes all the world glad. He sings again and again his refrain, "Clicquot, Clicquot!"

The train whistled, and in the April twilight I jotted down the notes of a joyous day. The record of the Clicquot corporation, which since my first visit had joined the procession of solid, million-dollar corporations, builded upon the solid rock of pure product, push and persistence, fulfilled the prophecy of that other summer day long ago, when I first drank deep at the perennial spring from whence has sprung Clicquot's alluring name and enduring fame.



## Premier Salesman of the World

Continued from page 563

it is not worth while to carry a burden, to be talked about as a millionaire, and be the slave of his wealth as surely as the miser is of his gold, and to enjoy less freedom than the man receiving paltry remuneration in his employ. So it is a sort of leveler. The war has torn aside the veil and brought capital to see what labor has had to go through in the humdrum existence of merely producing for salaries, and the wealthy phases honestly intended have not camouflaged the purpose of making money. On the other hand, the working man is seeing that the poor devil of a rich man described as a horned demon and a grasping individual, is a good deal of a goat. He is on a little pedestal, and has to imagine he has real power and liberties that are worth fighting and working for.

"The most glorious thing of all is to work as I am working today, with all that is in me. You never think of measuring work when you quit from fatigue rather than because the whistle blows or the bell rings. This is the time that is establishing a real content for prosperous times. The shirker or loafer, whether he be worker or millionaire must go! The wastage of man power must be supplied. This will come in two ways: first, in the man power being multiplied by use of machinery and making work more essential—and second, the recruiting of women workers; but the main hope is that each individual will find in these times that he can do so much more than he ever thought he could do, with even less fatigue than he thought. This does not mean doing it all in the daily

task, but in the change of work and rest, the hours of labor may be reduced. It brings an equal and positive responsibility to those of shorter hours to devote the other hours to some work of public service, because the nation and the public is demanding more and more of the individual outside of his daily tasks."

\* \* \* \*

Can I ever forget that time when I stood by and saw the workers, warm in the sweat of their labor and enthusiasm, at the launching of some of the first ships, when the President and Mrs. Wilson were chatting with them in that colloquial way which reflected the real spirit of democracy; it was even then you heard the workers say "Let's give a cheer for Uncle Charley." It is the dauntless, intrepid courage of Schwab indicated in the gigantic problems which he undertook and carried out in peace times that found him ready for the emergencies of war days and vice versa. It illustrated how the people of the country are beginning to appreciate more the genuineness of a man of earnest intent and achievement, rather than the vaporings of a demagogue who has built himself up by merely playing on the selfish passion of the working man for more pay. He has proven, indeed, a labor leader and is so recognized, not because of official distinction or of class caste, but because he is a great human, red-blooded, whole-souled man, who feels as well as thinks, and achieves as well as conceives, and creates rather than milks payrolls.





# The NATIONAL RADIO Circle

*Conducted by Wireless Experts  
in the Interests of those who "listen in"*



TO the radio fan the passing month has been a full one indeed. The number of wireless telephone enthusiasts is growing so rapidly that interest in the new development is becoming practically universal. Recent developments have been tremendous in their scope and kaleidoscopic in their variation. Such minor matters as talking with a ship four hundred miles at sea, or operating an automobile by radio, has caused scarcely a tremor on the surface of popular interest. A month or two ago they would have been received incredulously. When such an authority as Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz himself publicly announces that it will not be long before we shall be in actual communication with Mars by radio, it is little wonder that lesser developments which a short time ago would have seemed remarkable, are now hardly noticed.

"Communication with Mars" has in the past been a phrase associated with impractical scientists, and it is scarcely possible to appreciate at once the significance of Dr. Steinmetz' intimation.

#### RADIO COMMUNICATION WITH MARS MERELY A MATTER OF MORE POWERFUL INSTRUMENTS

Mars is not so far away, the doctor reminds us, and a little matter of thirty million miles or so should prove no stumbling block to the advance of the science of radio. Already, he points out, a message may be sent at the extreme limit at least ten thousand miles. This means that the power of present radio apparatus needs to be increased about nine million times before communication would be practicable. Dr. Steinmetz firmly believes that Mars is inhabited; otherwise the possibility of spanning the enormous gap between the earth and that planet would not interest him.

Even this far-sighted scientist will make no prediction about the future of radio except, "We are obviously nowhere near its limits."

It seems to be quite the general opinion that within the year broadcasting of radio messages will assume four distinct phases. William H. Easton, who is associated with the Newark station outlines them as follows:

#### RADIO BROADCASTING MAY ASSUME FOUR DISTINCT PHASES IN THE NEAR FUTURE

First, there will be the governmental broadcasting of agricultural and live stock reports and the important speeches of the President and their officials. The states are planning the same sort of broadcasting, and if Congress passes a bill now before it, speeches of the Representatives will be sent far and wide to those who listen in. Secondly, there will be broadcasting from public stations and those operated by manufacturers of equipment, and it is probable that this broadcasting will be of two or even three distinct kinds, and a public station may separate its programs so that the admirers of jazz or grand opera may listen in on an entire evening of that which they most enjoy without the interference of less appealing numbers. Thirdly, there will be private broadcasting between department stores or similar agencies. Fourth, commercial toll broadcasting will enter the field now covered by the long distance telephone. A radio toll service, in fact, is already an actuality in New York, and is scheduled soon for St. Louis.

#### His life story the story of the growth of the Telephone and Telegraph

ON many a stormy night, years and years ago, when a fierce wind whipped the street puddles into wavelets in darkened St. Louis as a heavy rain poured down, a messenger boy picked his way through the rain and darkness to deliver messages which he held securely under his coat. The duties of the only all-night messenger boy in St. Louis were not always pleasant.

That boy, Edward J. Nally, is now the president of the Radio Corporation of America. In recent years he has been a conspicuous figure among the leaders in telegraph and radio communication. His story is that of a true pioneer. His rise has been due to true merit and close application to work.

When young Edward was eight years of age, his father lost his eyesight, and the boy left school, where he had been but a short time, to commence work as a cash boy. A few years later, when he had become all-night telegraph messenger, his work was so efficient that he was made office boy for Colonel Clowry, who was then president of the Western Union Telegraph Company. From this position he became assistant



Edward J. Nally, president of the Radio Corporation of America, was once the only all-night messenger boy in St. Louis

to the superintendent of the company. Once in a position where his activity had a real outlet, his promotions were regular and gratifying.

In 1890 Mr. Nally was chosen as assistant general superintendent for the Postal Telegraph & Cable Company, and in a few years more was made general superintendent, with jurisdiction over the telegraph lines and offices of twenty-two states. His next upward step was to become vice-president and general manager in 1907. A few years later he accepted the office of vice-president and general manager of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America.

He had grown up with the telegraph business and was ready for this new step. As a boy, too, he had been temporarily put in charge of the first Edison telephone exchange which was at St. Louis. He had visited almost every town and hamlet in the United States in preparing estimates for telegraph lines.

When he joined the Marconi Wireless Telegraph, his energy had a broad outlet. Just before the outbreak of the European War he arranged for the first trans-oceanic wireless telegraph service between the United States and Europe, but the war interfered with the opening of the station at that time. Commercial wireless service between California and Hawaii was opened in 1914, and in 1916 public service began between the United States and Japan. When the wireless stations, temporarily taken over by the government during the war, were returned to their owners in 1920, he established the first direct commercial wireless circuit to Great Britain. Extensions to Norway, Germany and France were made almost immediately.

As president and director of the Pan-American Wireless Telegraph & Telephone Company and of the Wireless Press, Mr. Nally was the logical choice as head of the Radio Corporation of America when it was formed in 1919.

With all his duties in the realm of electricity and science, Mr. Nally has the real human touch, and his interest in gardening and book collection is as acute as that in his regular vocation. Many rare etchings and engravings and book editions have been collected by him in spare moments. He is the possessor of the complete scrap book of Samuel F. B. Morse, in which the invention of the telegraph is explained in detail. Because he is a reader and lover of books himself, he has been instrumental in establishing employees' libraries, reading and rest rooms in many of the company's offices.

#### BOYS ALL OVER AMERICA ARE EARNING THEIR SETS BY SPARE TIME WORK WITH THE "NATIONAL"

Every boy in America can now own a radio set and become his own operator. The radio department of the NATIONAL has been growing so rapidly that it will now be possible to award Amrad Crystal Receiving sets, neatly boxed in mahogany case, for a little spare time work on the part of the boys, in connection with soliciting subscriptions.

There is no better receiving set of its kind on the market than this beautiful and effective little Amrad with which is included a one hundred and twenty-five foot aerial and two ear phones. The offer of the radio editor is arousing interest in every city, and it will not be long before every boy who really wants a radio set will have one.

*An expert who started experimenting at the age of eight*

# The Radio Amateur's Point of View

*C. D. Tuska, former Secretary of the American Radio Relay League, and pioneer in wireless, has a two-word motto—Good Will*

WITH the speed of radio waves themselves, the science of wireless telephony is winning new converts daily. There is a lure to "listening in" which will make today's technical terms the breakfast table chat of tomorrow. New models of receiving sets placed upon the market almost daily are greedily absorbed by a rapidly-growing enthusiastic public.

In the unprecedented "bull market" in the radio field the new convert to the ranks of the amateur fans is subject to two dangers. They are real dangers, too, and are decimating or delaying the enjoyment of the novice in his new-found entertainment.

Firstly, the mushroom factory, producing inferior sets of receiving apparatus, guaranteed to do the impossible, makes the new fan sceptical about the real possibilities of the new art. It is hard to believe in radio after a week's unsatisfactory experimentation with a poor set, and in these busy days it is not always possible

to secure the assurance of an electrician that the trouble lies with the set and not the science.

Secondly, factories turning out equipment of unquestionable value have forsaken the amateur. A complicated and intricate set, minus directions which a layman can easily understand, is in the hands of the neophyte only a disappointment. Until the industry is stabilized, this injustice will continue.

There are some men, however, who have established and held the confidence of the amateur, and have realized that any business, even in the hey-day of its popularity, is service and not mere receipts.

Along about 1905, when C. D. Tuska was a boy of eight, a soiled and yellow copy of "Modern Electrics" fell into his hands. There was a fascination about the intricate diagrams and the strange terms even then, and he soon began to read all he could find about a strange new science known as wireless. In the little attic of the

family home at Hartford, Connecticut, he spent hours winding wire about pieces of curtain pole to make a tuning coil, and experimented in a crude way with tin foil and galena. He read voraciously. Then he put an aerial up in the



C. D. Tuska, one of the founders and former secretary of the American Radio Relay League. During the war Lieutenant Tuska started several air service radio schools



AT WORK IN THE EXPERIMENTAL ROOM. C. D. Tuska got interested in radio at the age of eight. Now, at twenty-five, he is president of the rapidly-expanding C. D. Tuska Company at Hartford, Connecticut. He revolutionized radio set panel work by substituting moulded composition panels for wooden ones

yard. A wireless aerial at that time was something of an oddity, and the boy's efforts attracted considerable comment and attention. He became acquainted with Hiram Percy Maxim, the inventor, whose home was also in Hartford, and from then on his interest in the science grew apace.

As he enlarged his set and became more proficient in its operation, he met other amateurs. One day the idea of "relaying" a message from Hartford to distant New York was born, and amateurs along the route joined heartily in the plan. Ambition is always one step ahead of performance in the alert, and a message to Boston was next completed. Then it was San Francisco.

Finally, in 1914, the idea of a club of amateurs to send messages all over the country occurred to him, and Mr. Tuska pushed the plan to completion. He became secretary and Mr. Maxim president. But there was much still to learn, and a technical course at Trinity College followed for the young expert. When the war came, Mr. Tuska won a commission in the air service, and started several Air Service Radio Schools.

The intervening months had not quenched his interest in radio, so he started experimenting again. His own set proved so satisfactory that the idea of making sets for others occurred to him.

(Continued on page 568)

# A Radio Set Any Boy Can Make

*At cost of a dollar or two and a little patience, a set which will do excellent work up to twenty-five miles can be constructed*

**R**ADIO is fast becoming the language universal, and there is no real reason why every boy in the United States cannot construct an elementary receiving set of his own. The range will not be very great, but if the boy is near a big broadcasting station he should get absolutely satisfactory results. Then when he desires to increase the range of his station he may either purchase a more advanced set or get one by joining the army of boys who are earning their apparatus by securing subscriptions to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

A simple set can be made in a few hours' spare time work, and it is really advisable for a boy to construct his first set, even if he can afford to purchase one, for it gives him a thorough understanding of the principles underlying radio receiving that will prove valuable in later work.

The five pieces of necessary apparatus are the aerial, detector, tuning coil, condenser, and telephone receiver.

The simplest aerial is a single strand of wire about one hundred feet in length. This should be insulated at the end farthest from the house, and the near end can be brought directly into the set, taking care that the bare wire is protected by an insulator tube from contact with the window or any object.

The electrical vibrations are sent out on different wave lengths, similar to the various notes on a piano keyboard, so we use a tuning coil with which to get in "harmony" with the message. This may be made by winding No. 22 single cotton covered wire to within a half inch of each end of a piece of curtain pole eighteen inches long. After the pole is wound, the wire should be shellacked, and the insulation filed off along one side. The tuning coil should be fastened to a base board, the same width, by two brackets. Two ordinary curtain rings, pounded flat on one side, may be slipped over the tuning coil to act as the slides.

The condenser prepares the vibrations for the telephone receiver, and is made from a two-inch square of mica, such as is used in stove fronts, and some tin foil. In the center of the mica on both sides glue a one and one-half inch square of tin foil. From each square of tin foil a strip of tin foil should extend on both sides of the mica, but there should be no metallic connection between them.

The receiver should be purchased, but an excellent one of one thousand ohms can be secured for \$1.75 or \$2.

The detector is the ear which catches the messages. It consists of a sensitive wire touching a crystal of galena. It may be purchased for one dollar.

The pieces of apparatus are connected as shown on the diagram. The connections with the rings on the tuning coil should be of flexible insulated wire and long enough to allow the rings to be moved to either end of the coil. The little binding posts to which the wires are attached may be purchased for a small sum.

Now to receive a message: Press the point of the detector wire firmly but gently against the galena crystal. You now may not be in tune with the sending station, so move the rings back

and forth along the coil, keeping them about an inch apart. The rings should be left where the message reaches the greatest loudness. It is necessary to become accustomed to adjusting the crystals and tuning coil before the best results can be obtained.

If your set does not produce results after you try it in the evening, when most of the messages are being sent, go over it and check up. Is the aerial long enough? Is it sufficiently high? Do trees screen the waves? Do the insulators insulate completely? Is there leakage at the point where the "lead in" wire goes through the window? Is contact of rings on tuning coil good? Are opposite pieces of foil on condenser completely separated by the mica? Are any of the connections loose?

This set should give good results on telephone messages up to fifteen miles, and the code messages should be heard for a much greater distance. If, after carefully checking up on your set, you are unable to obtain good results, write the Radio Editor and he will try to advise you about the cause of your trouble.

## The Radio Amateur's Point of View

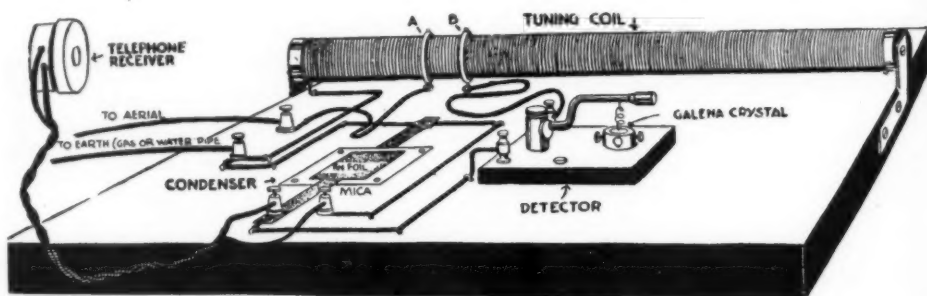
*Continued from page 567*

In January, 1920, he worked in an attic with one boy to help him. It was a modest start indeed, but after a year of strenuous work, he had four men busy, and had moved to another attic, where there were two rooms.

The next January, in 1921, his force had increased to nine. Today the company which he heads employs one hundred men in two buildings, and quarters are again cramped. The growth has been steady, healthful, without the aid of outside capital. It was accomplished by long hours of hard toil by a man who had faith in his work and knowledge born of experience.

Radio has been called the science of the younger generation. Mr. Tuska, alert, efficient, progressive, is twenty-five.

There is not another man making radio equipment who knows the needs of the amateur better or can give the novice wiser counsel and advice. He understands the amateur intimately, because



A HOME-MADE RADIO SET

This wiring diagram shows how the various instruments should be connected. Care should be taken to have all connections tight

**Radio Corporation  
Supplies and Accessories**  
**WESTINGHOUSE—GENERAL ELECTRIC**  
**BROADCASTING RECEIVERS**

"Aeriola Jr." "Type RA Regenerative Tuner"  
"Aeriola Sr." "Type RC Complete Receiver"

**LEWIS ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO.**

Radio Department, 117-121 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.



he was one himself—and still is, in spirit of helpfulness to other radio enthusiasts.

There is no barrier of clerks or red tape surrounding his office, though there are few busier men. Impractical? Mr. Tuska does not think so. He believes in helping the amateur, and through his duties as secretary of the Relay League, his acquaintance with them is wide.

"I do not hesitate to take all the time from productive work that is necessary to talk over things with any fellow who comes into my place, with a real problem," he says. And he is daily straightening out difficulties for the fan in need. He is a true friend of the radio amateur, and the amateur needs friends.

The business of C. D. Tuska Company has grown with such rapidity that its president has been forced to turn over the productive end to other hands entirely, and devote all his own time to executive work.

But in the struggling days of the attic factory were born many of the ideas now built into his equipment. He was a true pioneer in assembled sets. In the days of his experimental work, fully constructed panels and other portions of the sets were tediously cut from wood. He conceived the idea of the hard rubber or composition mould, now universal, and against his friends' advice invested deeply in moulding machines. It was just a chance, and a big one then, but it has proved invaluable. Today dials, panels, knobs, variometers, and other parts are moulded so neatly and rapidly that the old method seems primitive indeed.

In the Tuska establishment is a sort of "glorified flivver" method of assembling the sets—"flivver" because the product passed from hand to hand down the line till completed, and glorified because there is no sacrifice of quality to speed.

Every individual set, when completed, is connected with an aerial and given a thorough test. Every set does actual receiving work, and does it well, before it leaves the factory—Mr. Tuska sees to that. The former secretary of the American Radio Relay League is a boon to the novice.

There has never been any temptation to sacrifice quality for gain, for the Tuska policy is based on two words—Good Will. His service is a lasting service to amateur enthusiasts.

#### RADIO NEWS AND NOTES

New inventions are accumulating with such rapidity that it is almost impossible for the average man to keep in touch with even the most important of them. As an example of what may be expected in the near future from scientific ingenuity is the announcement that wireless light, the long-sought-for "cold light," has been made practical. Bottled sunlight will be placed on the market very soon.

Self-sustaining incandescent lights which will burn without connection to any outside source of electric power for the space of three years, are to be placed on the American market by a New Jersey corporation. The cost, it is estimated, will be about three dollars a light. One of the advantages of "bottled sunlight" is that the light remains at a temperature of about ten degrees above freezing instead of about one hundred, as in the ordinary type of bulb, which overcomes the discomfort due to heat generated as a by-product.

An interesting development in radio, and one capable of enormous extension, is the application of wireless telephony to the movies. A device has been perfected at Chicago whereby any number of motion picture theatre projection machines can be operated in perfect synchronization with the motion machine at the broadcasting station, so that every picture house connected with the main station receives the spoken words by radio as the picture is operated from its own booth. The real problem is to make synchronization of the two widely sepa-

rated machines perfect, but at least the dramatic ability of the radio talking machine has been demonstrated.

The pages of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE this month radiate with the true spirit of the new age, and in the editorial sanctum a radio receiving set has been installed which has been in almost constant operation. Interest in radio has become so marked that visitors, old and young, are making pilgrimages to the office to hear the concert programs from the various broadcasting stations. The set, equipped with a two-stage amplifier and a loud speaking horn, proves very satisfactory. Visitors in Boston are always welcome to listen in with the radio editor.

Galena comes in as many different grades as it is possible to imagine. Beginners who cannot hear any signals will do well to purchase several pieces of this mineral before complaining. Sometimes by simply changing the mineral a set that has been a failure will at once become a wonderful success.

Another interesting development and one of interest in particular to those situated where it is inconvenient to install lengthy antennae over

the house, is the discovery by Gen. George O. Squier, who is chief of the Signal Corps of the United States army, that the common type of aerial can be dispensed with and the telephone wires used in its place. It is really the simplest thing in the world, he says. All that is necessary is to plug the receiver set wire into a lamp socket and turn on the current. He believes that the greatest benefit of this discovery will be to relieve congestion.

What is claimed to be the most powerful radio-telephone broadcasting station to date has recently been placed in operation at Schenectady, New York. The antenna towers rise to a height of 185 feet above the roof of a five-story factory building and the antenna span is 350 feet. This station operates on a wave length of 360 meters, and has been heard as far south as Cuba. The call letters are WGY.

It is well to remember that an indoor aerial will not work for any distance with a crystal set, so do not attempt it. A single wire about one hundred feet long and as high as it is possible to get it is the best aerial that can be used for receiving. Three and four-wire aerials will not help in receiving. Save your money and time by erecting a single wire aerial only.

*All Styles and Sizes to meet individual wants and preferences*

**Magee**  
RANGES & HEATERS


Made in  
every desirable  
combination  
for burning

Coal, Wood,  
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**Boston, Mass.**




# BOYS!

**Get into the Radio Telephone Game.**

**Do YOU want this set?**

*Writes* RADIO CIRCLE,  
NATIONAL MAGAZINE,  
BOSTON (25) MASS.



Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

# William Courtenay

**WILLIAM COURTENAY:** Actor and Optimist! We hear a great deal about optimism in living, but who has ever before coupled it with acting?

According to "Bill" Courtenay it is the first essential in winning sympathy for the characters he portrays. Courtenay, perhaps more than any other actor, has been allotted multiple crook parts—gentleman thieves, not by any means "within the law," but out-and-out lawbreakers whose operations carried them beyond the pale of decent government and recognized order.

By THODA COCROFT

Beginning with that famous French rogue, Arsene Lupin, and again in "Pals First," then the notable and well remembered role in "Under Cover," more recently in "The Law Breaker" and now as the international cracksman in "Smooth as Silk,"—stretches the list of Courtenay's crook parts, all of them rascals, all of them behaving in a manner contradictory to recognized moral and ethical codes of living, all of

them flagrantly defying the established mandates of civilization! And yet for each and every one of these knaves, Mr. Courtenay has won hundreds of thousands of admirers, fervent, enthusiastic, *enfatué* devotees, ranging all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast with its nucleus centering in Boston. And strange as it may seem, the ghosts of our Pilgrimforefathers never rise up in protest when Mr. Courtenay comes back to New England to personify another crook! If the wraiths perchance haunt the vicinity of the Selwyn Theatre they are evidently as pleased with the stratagems of the renegade "Silk" Mullane as the audiences that pack the theatre every night!

WHY and HOW—may we ask, has "Bill" Courtenay succeeded in making this rogue's gallery of his so utterly captivating?

"Optimism," is his reply. "To win the sympathy of the audience it is necessary to make my crooks *lovable* fellows. Therefore, "he continues syllogistically, "they must be optimists. They must radiate good will. They must always be dominant."

If we can trust the twinkle in the actor's Irish blue eyes and the engaging smile that lurks around the corners of his mouth, then we may state that he believes in an atomical theory of dominance! "Only the happy person," he contends, "the well pleased GLAD person can dominate any situation in life. The optimistic or the glad atoms in every individual are the only ones that count. They are *positive*. But pessimistic atoms are negative. Unless the positive counterbalances the negative—then—what is it?" he demands with emphasis.

"It is nothing! Nil! It is blah! And unless you're something, and something very definite, you don't register on the stage."

This, then, is the secret of the loveliness of Mr. Courtenay's famous crooks. This is the reason why we "adore" Silk Mullane, and if things go against him we are gravely concerned, but if he wins we rejoice, let the law be what it may!

"It was very early in my career," declares Mr. Courtenay, "that I learned the value of optimism in acting. To set up the right chemical combustion necessary to make everyone like me in a crook role, I found that first of all I had to like everyone in return. If I didn't happen to like someone, then I had to pretend to like them. It used to help me to think of Max Beerbohm's "Happy Hypocrite" who put on the smiling masque until finally his long sour face took the shape of the beaming smile on the masque. I found it was just the same with folks I didn't like. If I tried to like them hard enough, I found that very soon, in spite of myself I actually *did* like them!"

Due to his host of admirers in this vicinity, Mr. Courtenay's life story is well known in New England. His home is in Worcester, Mass., where he attended Holy Cross with a view to studying for the priesthood. One memorable day, however, the comedian of the Worcester Stock Company lured him into a barnstorming venture in which he played a small part in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." It was only a "bit." But it was sufficient. The virus was in his blood. And he went in search of another role. His quest resulted in the juvenile part in "The Vendetta" and he "trouped" with the melodrama for some time. The next rung in the ladder found him with Milton and Dolly Nobles. And following that he joined Richard Mansfield's company, gaining in this association the best schooling of his career. He remained with the famous star for three years and then played a season in Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Stock Company with John Drew and Mary Mannering. Another stock season at the Empire with Margaret Anglin and Charles Richman; and then he plunged into fifty-six prosperous weeks in Eugene Walter's "The Wolf;" at the close of this long run, he joined Edward Sheldon's "Romance" and supported Doris Keene with notable success for two years.

Mr. Courtenay's first nation-wide hit was made in his crook role in "Under Cover." This was followed with another emphatic success, "Under Fire," and shortly after that he co-starred with Tom Wise in the crook role in "Pal's First." "General Post," "Cappy Ricks," "Civilian Clothes," and "Honors are Even," were the next significant landmarks.

It was when he was in the Lyceum Stock, playing his very first crook, that "Bill" discovered he would have to *make* the audience like him. And for the very first time he began to evolve his philosophy of optimism, generating enough glad-atoms to give him dominance over any situation!

"I like to be liked," Mr. Courtenay disarmingly confesses. And who can resist such an ingenuous appeal?



**WILLIAM COURTENAY,** gentleman and actor, tall, broad-shouldered, erect as a grenadier, impeccable, immaculate, always a figure of sartorial perfection, genial and democratic—is a pronounced favorite with Boston theatergoers. His name, flashed in twinkling electric lights against the dark background of the evening sky, is a magnet that draws a happy, expectant crowd to the theatre doors

### THE BUGLE CALL

WE have brought from the attic up under the eaves  
The Brigadier-General's coat. Just look at the sleeves  
And the splendid broadcloth of shining blue,  
Which covered a heart that was beating for you.  
It's golden buttons and stripes still say:  
"Now give three cheers for the U. S. A!"

Under the braid and the shining blue,  
Full well the Army of the Potomac knew  
The fierce heart-beat and the flaming will  
Which led them forward, lest Freedom be killed.  
From the Man in Blue to the Man in Brown—  
What is the message handed down?

"Courage, my lads. Our souls stand strong!  
Courage, my lads—it will not be long!"  
Shame on the Nations whose cares of today  
Make them forget to care for and pray  
Over veterans at twenty, crippled and blind,  
And thousands of men who are losing their mind.

Shame on the Nations which sell their youth  
In the name of Freedom and Honor and Truth!  
Shame on those whose cares of today  
Include not the soldiers of the U. S. A.  
The judgment of God will fall upon you—  
His scourge will lash you before you are through.

Let an income come from the pleasures of  
men—  
Not from hiding our boys in a hospital pen.  
This is not work for a government to do;  
Jew or Gentile, they fought for you  
Regardless of self, or of foreign birth,  
Their lives were given for Freedom on Earth.

On Memorial Day, not for their souls should we  
pray—  
But for our own because of delay.  
You will hear the throbs of their hearts, pure and  
true,  
And vision the flash of their souls as they say,  
"Thank God for the home folks and our own  
U. S. A!"

LILIAN TRUE BRYANT.

### Hays Leads Film Industry to War

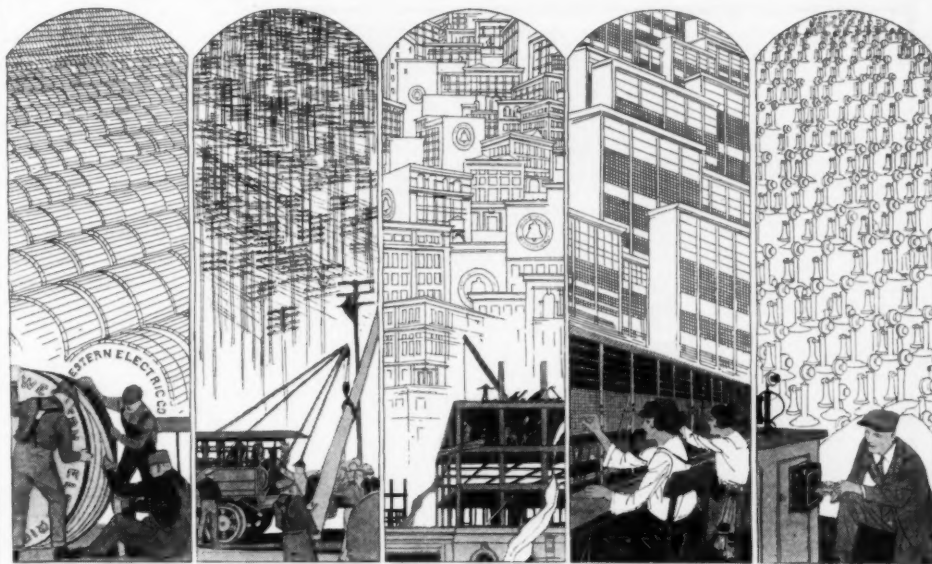
*Continued from page 551*

Brothers. They shook hands on Mr. Hays' closing remarks, which culminated in terrific climax. Here was a producer and distributor, and what Mr. Hays had said had expressed their innermost ideals. Had I been looking elsewhere, I probably would have seen similar demonstrativeness.

The meeting at the Hotel Astor was a retort to all those sceptics who had said "Motion pictures are an industry, not an art." Yes, it is the fourth largest industry in the world and it has become nationally recognized.

The face of the cinema is set to the winds to revolt against censorship by making censorship unnecessary, to abolish obnoxious vituperation by preventing it, and to overcome prejudice by proving it unjust. Will Hays is an honest worker in whom meekness and modesty unfold in concordance with his growing might. He stands alone, rebuking whatever opponents there may be, co-eval with the spirit of Lincoln, an individual history can never exempt. Hays sees that all the motion picture world's a battlefield, and all the men and women in it, merely soldiers. Each has his post and his position to fulfill. His slogan for progress is, "Don't carry on! Be sensible, sans spectacle, sans 'sex-intest,' sans everything superfluous and censorable."

Your piano has not been "doing duty" of late, because you fed it not a copy of "Heart Songs." Redeem yourself!



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AERIAL LINES

BUILDINGS

SWITCHBOARDS

TELEPHONES

## Breaking Construction Records

Since 1920, faced with the great demand for service in telephone history, the Bell System has surpassed all previous records for the installation of new telephone equipment. In the last two years more than 1,000,000 additional stations have been added to the system by construction. This is equal to the entire number of telephones in Great Britain.

In 1921 alone, 450,000 new poles were placed—enough to make a telephone line from New York to Hong Kong. The aerial wire put into service in the same year, 835,000 miles in all, is enough to string 60 wires on such a telephone line.

1,875,000 miles of wire, enclosed in 1,500 miles of cable, were added

to underground and submarine lines in 1921. New underground duct totaling 11,000,000 feet was constructed, this representing approximately 300 miles of subway. 69 new central office buildings and important additions were completed or in progress, and new switchboards with a capacity of many thousands of connections were installed.

This equipment added to the Bell System, great though it is in volume and value, represents but a small part of the vast property which enables the telephone on your desk to give the service to which you are accustomed. And to meet the increasing demands for new service, the work of construction goes on.



### "BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service*

### Affairs and Folks

*Continued from page 556*

as the fleece is peeled away from the neck and paunch and finally rolled down the back in advance of the rapid machine motion of the clipper. But it is really very difficult, demands more skill than hand shearing. The hand-shearing contest is open to amateurs, whereas it takes professional experience to handle the machine without jeopardizing the fleece and the very existence of the sheep. So the college animal husbandry instructors say, anyway.

Judging a shearing contest isn't the easiest item on the program, either. Professor Harry L. Garrigus of Connecticut Agricultural College, Shepherd George Smith of M. A. C., C. D. Richardson of the State Department of Agriculture, and Professor Glatfelter of the Animal Husbandry Department of M. A. C., were the judges, and

the busiest men in the arena. Every contestant receives point awards for skill in handling the shears, for time, for quality of fleece and condition of the sheep shorn; whereas each cut or scratch is discounted in his score. Then after all individual scores are tallied, there is a high scorer of the day to be picked on the basis of all contests.

Guy Hilton of Marblehead won the Earncliffe Trophy for this, defeating two former winners, R. L. Hillman of Shelburne Falls, and E. Ellis Clark of Williamsburg, for high honors. This handsome silver cup becomes the permanent possession of the first contestant to win it three times.

Hilton won the speed contest and the contest for good workmanship, speed not considered. Ellis Clark of Williamsburg won the farmers' judging, and C. A. Smith of Ashfield was first in the handshearing for professionals.

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**CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL**  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Combined in ownership and management. Hospitable, quiet, homelike. The choice, for many years, of interesting, cultivated people seeking recreation at the seashore.

Broad deck porches overlooking the sea. Beautiful pavilions and sun parlors. Pleasant rooms. Golf and yacht club privileges.

**LEEDS and LIPPINCOTT COMPANY**

The new Boardwalk Wing of Haddon Hall will be completed before Summer. It will enable Chalfonte-Haddon Hall to welcome twelve hundred guests.

On the Beach and the Boardwalk.  
American Plan Only.  
Always open.  
Write for illustrated folder and rates.



### The Poets' Lincoln

This volume contains the tributes of the greatest poets, together with several practically unknown poems written by Lincoln himself. It is profusely illustrated and includes a most complete collection of Lincoln portraits, with index and descriptive text. A valuable addition to any library. Price, \$1.50.

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A pocket piece that guides you in, through and out of the woods.

A reliable, sensitive, accurate pocket Compass. Mounted in an untarnishable White-Metal Case. Practically water-tight. Snap in beveled crystal glass permits cleaning easily. \$1.50 at your dealer's—slightly more in Canada and the Far West.

C-129

**Taylor Instrument Companies**  
403 STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

*This is a Tycos Thermometer for Every Purpose*

**DE-LITE AUTO POLISH**, once tried, always used.  
Address: 9 Cawfield St., Boston, Mass.

### LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE—

For a day's pleasure or fishing trip charter the **STEAMER ELK** AT VICTORIA PIER, ALTON BAY, N. H.

For open dates and rates telephone Victoria Pier Motor Boats to let by the day, week or month; fishing tackle, rods and bait furnished.

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### The Guest of Honor

By WILLIAM HODGE



A powerful novel of the life of now. Mr. Hodge, who is known to millions of Americans for his inimitable characterization of "The Man from Home," is the first American actor to write a successful novel. Brilliantly written and abounding with subtle philosophy that will live for generations to come. 352 pages, in blue and gold. Price, \$1.50.

Chapple Publishing Co., Ltd., Boston

## Affairs at Washington

Continued from page 535

the Senate and House of Representatives and many persons prominent in public, business, and social life.

While the guests made hasty and in some instances rather sketchy toilets, scores of firemen who had been summoned from many parts of the city invaded the hotel to begin their four-hour battle with the flames, and hotel attendants hurried from room to room, removing trunks and bags.

Many of the women guests descended with their arms filled with silk lingerie, which they dumped into chairs in the celebrated "Peacock Alley" and the adjacent "Blue Room," where later they set up and packed their wardrobe trunks.

Mrs. Coolidge went to the home of the Vice-President's Secretary, Edward T. Clark, while Mr. Coolidge remained at the hotel. Curiously enough, Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall were routed out by a blaze at the New Willard late one night nearly four years ago.

Brigadier-General Sawyer, personal physician to the President, and Mrs. Sawyer, whose apartment was damaged by water, found temporary shelter at the White House.

The magnificent ball room on the tenth floor was completely gutted by the fire, entailing a loss of a quarter million dollars.

\* \* \* \*

A CURIOUS reminder that the code of laws by which we are governed are founded upon the ancient English law was the recent action of the Supreme Court when the State of Massachusetts sought to argue a case docketed as "John Doe, Demise of Commonwealth of Massachusetts," against the city of Rochester, New York, and others.

Under the treaty of Hartford, concluded in 1786, New York was granted all land extending down to the water of Lake Ontario. Since then land which the city of Rochester wants for park and other municipal purposes has arisen from the lake and is now claimed by the State of Massachusetts.

In bringing the original proceedings in the Supreme Court the "John Doe" practice of the old English form of the King's Bench was used, and an array of counsel representing Massachusetts, New York and the city of Rochester was present.

As soon as argument was begun it developed that not only the chief justice, but a number of associate justices objected to the form. A hasty conference on the bench resulted in Chief Justice Taft ordering John Doe out of court with directions to counsel to substitute a modern equity proceeding.

### Shackleton's Last Dash for the Antarctic

Continued from page 563

plateau surrounding Gough's Island in an effort to determine the truth regarding a supposed underwater connection between Africa and America.

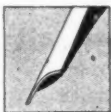
Nearly wrecked in a terrific storm, the "Quest" put into Lisbon for repairs, then by way of the Islands of Madeira, St. Paul, Trinidad, Tristan da Cunha, and South Georgia, she came to her great loss. For on January 5, last, at Gryvicken, under the frowning heights of South Georgia, Sir Ernest Shackleton left his cherished labor for others to complete. His body was taken to Montevideo, en route to England for burial, but was accompanied back to Gryvicken by Lady Shackleton, it being her belief that the heroic explorer desired to be laid to rest at the gate of the Antarctic.

Shackleton—Spartan, dominating spirit, courageous soul, persistent character, loyal comrade, Christian knight, erected his own monument by his romantic achievements amid the warring forces of nature. His most appropriate memorial will be found in the action of his old comrade who will carry on the work to which he dedicated and surrendered his life.

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Chinese-red barrel with smart black-tipped ends—resembles fine lacquer—handsomer than gold!



Do you know another pen you can pass from hand to hand, have it suit all and hold its original point?



Press the button and Duofold drinks its fill. No pump or lever filler to catch on the clothing and spill ink.

Actual Size

## A25-Year Pen

A point like a smooth jewel bearing

THIS Classic of Fountain Pens was created by Geo. S. Parker, inventor of the leakproof "Lucky Curve." Step up to the first pen counter you come to and see its lacquer-like beauty.

Grasp it! Get the business-like feel of its fit, weight and balance in your hand.

Compare its over-size barrel with the ordinary pen to note how much more ink the Duofold holds.

Then write with this Native Iridium point—so smooth it needs no "breaking in"—so hard and life-enduring we can guarantee it 25 years for wear and mechanical perfection.

If you don't find it near-by, give your dealer your order subject to your approval after trial. Or write us giving your dealer's name.

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### March Brings Out Unsightly Spots. How to Remove Easily

The woman with tender skin dreads March because it is likely to cover her face with ugly freckles. No matter how thick her veil, the sun and winds have a strong tendency to make her freckle.

Fortunately for her peace of mind, Othine—double strength, makes it possible for even those most susceptible to freckles to keep their skin clear and white. No matter how stubborn a case of freckles you have, the double strength Othine should remove them.

Get an ounce from your druggist and banish the freckles. Money back if it fails.

**Live Agents Wanted, male or female, to sell De-Lite Auto Polish.** Not only is it a superior polish for automobiles, but it cleans, polishes, and preserves pianos, showcases, shelves, etc., and is a splendid house-to-house proposition for either whole or part time. Dries instantly—will not hold dust. As good as the best, and better than most polishes now on the market.

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of National Magazine, published monthly at 952-956 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass., required by the act of August 24, 1912.

Note—This statement is to be made in duplicate, and both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post-office.

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Editor, Joe Mitchell Chapple, Dorchester, Mass.

Managing Editor, M. L. Osborne, Everett, Mass.  
Business Manager, Will H. Chapple, Newton Highlands, Mass.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 1st day of April, 1922.

WILL H. CHAPPLE, Business Manager

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(My commission expires June 14, 1923.)

(Seal)

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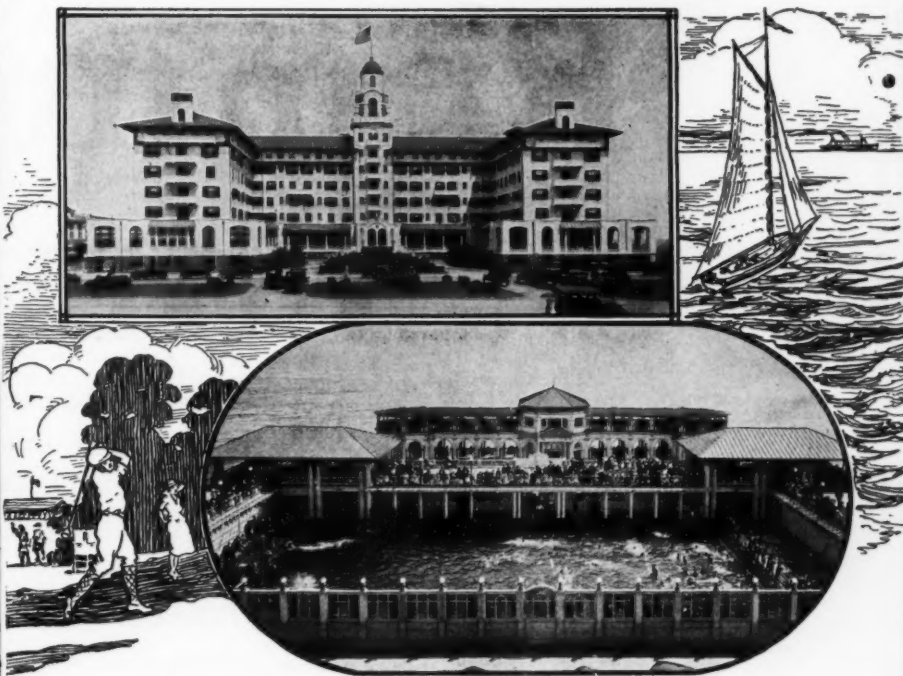
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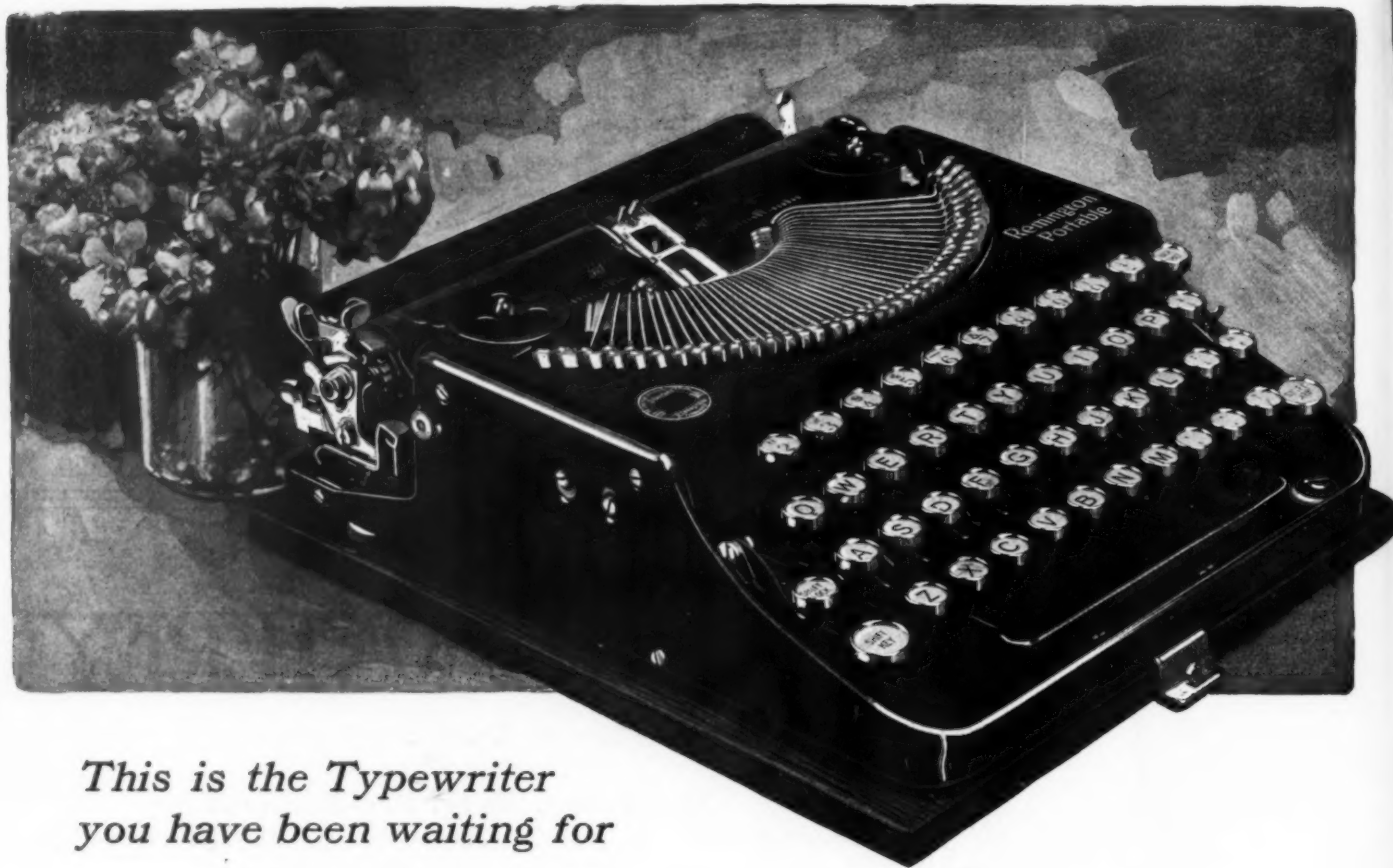
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Standard Typewriter."  
That's what you will  
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**M**AKES a friend of every user—a revelation to  
the man, or woman, who is tired of the pen

*Has the Standard Keyboard—no shifting for  
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Strong, Efficient and Complete.*

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Steinway \$20,000 Art Grand That Graces East Room of Executive Mansion, Washington

## Piano of Presidents

Forbidden thus far to Presidents of the United States by the unwritten law is a Third Term. There is neither constitutional nor sentimental limitation, however, to the tenure of Art in the White House.

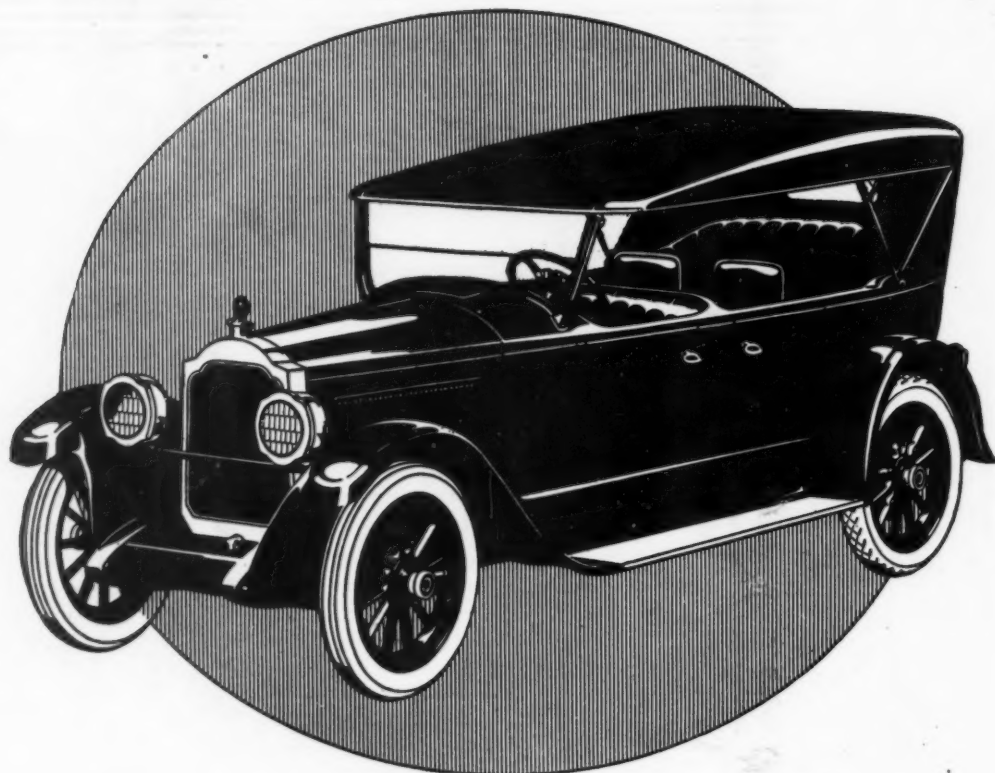
### PRESIDENT OF PIANOS

Steinway, "the instrument of the immortals," is still the Ruler of Music reigning supreme in the East Room of the Executive Mansion. The Art Grand Piano, gift to the Nation by Steinway & Sons, is in

### ITS FIFTH TERM

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**I**N its unprecedented beauty and its typically Packard performance, this new Single-Six is worthy occupant of the high place always accorded to Packard among cars of the finest class.

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It would be difficult to imagine how one who recognizes all that is high and fine in a motor car, could see this latest Packard without giving it complete and instant preference among its kind.

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"Just like operating a  
Standard Typewriter."  
That's what you will  
say the moment your  
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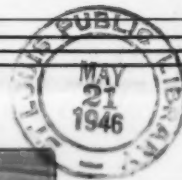
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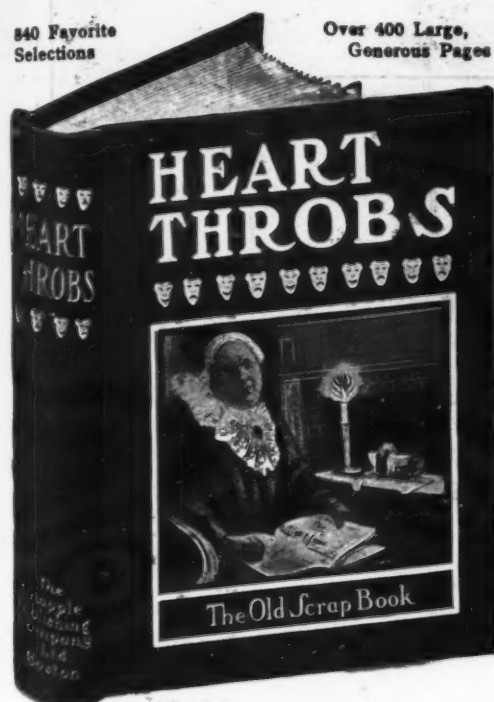
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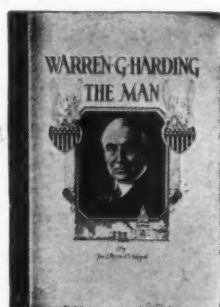
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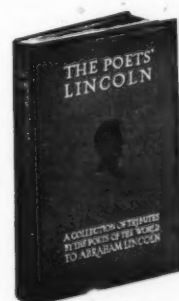
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